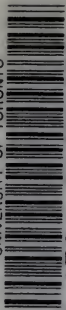


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L. Harcombe.



ENGLISH SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

Procter, Bryan Walker

ENGLISH SONGS,

AND

Other small Poems.

BY

BARRY CORNWALL. (pseud.)



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INTRODUCTION.

ENGLAND is singularly barren of Song-writers. There is no English writer of any rank, in my recollection, whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry. The little lyrics which are scattered, like stars, over the surface of our old dramas, are sometimes minute, trifling, and undefined in their object ; but they are often eminently fine,—in fact,

the finest things of the kind which our language possesses. There is more inspiration, more air and lyrical quality about them, than in songs of ten times their pretensions. And this, perhaps, arises from the dramatic faculty of the writers; who, being accustomed, in other things, to shape their verse, so as to suit the characters and different purposes of the drama, naturally extend this care to the fashion of the songs themselves. In cases where a writer speaks in his own person, he expends all his egotism upon his lyrics; and requires that a critic should be near to curtail his misdeeds. When he writes as a dramatist, he is, or ought to be, the critic himself. He is not, so to speak, at all implicated in what is going forward in the poem; but deals out the dialogue, like an indifferent by-stander, seeking only to adjust it to the necessities of the actors. He is above the struggle and turmoil of the battle below, and

‘ Sees, as from a tower, the end of all.’

It is, in fact, this power of forgetting himself, and of imagining and fashioning characters different from

his own, which constitutes the dramatic quality. A man who can set aside his own idiosyncrasy, is half a dramatist.

It may be thought paradoxical to assert that the songs which occur in dramas are more natural than those which proceed from the author in person : yet such is generally the case. If, indeed, a poet wrote purely and seasonably only,—that is to say, if his poetry sprung always from the passion or humour of the moment, the fact might be otherwise. But it may easily be seen, that many rhymes are produced out of season ; and are often nothing more than the result of ingenuity taxed to the uttermost ; or otherwise, are simply the indiscretions of ‘gentlemen at ease,’ who have nothing, or nothing better to do. Now Poetry is not to be thus constrained ; nor is it ever the offspring of ennui or languor. It demands not only the ‘faculty divine, (so called,) but also, that it should be left to its own impulses. The intellectual faculties are, in no one, always in a state of tension, or capable of projecting those thoughts which, in happier moments, are cast forth with perfect ease,—and which, when thrown out by the

Imagination or the Fancy, constitute the charm, and indeed form the essence of poetry.

Much of what I have said applies to verse in general; but it applies more especially to songs and small pieces of verse—those *nugæ canoræ*—which, at the time that they plead their ‘want of pretension,’ take due care, but too often, to justify their professed defects. When a writer commences a poem of serious length, he throws all his strength into it: he selects the happiest hour; he condenses, and amends, and rejects; and, in short, does his best to produce something good. But in a song, or ‘a trifle in verse,’ he feels no responsibility. He professes nothing, and, unfortunately, does little more.

It may be said that a song is necessarily a trifling matter; but, if good, it is a trifle, of at least a different sort. And to make even a trifle perfect or agreeable, should satisfy a moderate ambition. It demands some talent. Where poetry is concerned, it requires even more: for it requires that this talent should be of a peculiar order, and should be exerted at a happy time. I am by no means forward to imagine that these two requisites have at *any* time concurred in

my case. But I hope that I have, in a few instances, so far succeeded, as to allure other writers, (having more leisure than I possess) to direct their powers to this species of verse. It has been too much disdained. Poets have in general preferred exhibiting their tediousness in long compositions, and have neglected the song. But the brevity, which is the 'soul' of song, as well as of wit, is not necessarily allied to insignificance. The battle-songs of Mr. Campbell are a triumphant proof of the contrary. So also are many of the songs and ballads of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Hogg, my friend Allan Cunningham, and, finally, the charming songs of Burns. To my thinking, the *sentiment* in some of Burns's songs is as fine and as true as anything in Shakspeare himself. I do not speak of his imagination, or of his general power, (both which in the Scottish poet are immeasurably inferior), but of the mere sentiment or feeling—that fine natural eloquence which a warm heart taught him, and which he poured out so profusely in song. There is an earnestness and directness of purpose in Burns, which, if attended to, would, I think,

strengthen the poetry of the present day As an instance of his going at once to the sentiment, without any parade of words, or preliminary flourish, one may refer to the lines—

‘ *Although thou maun never be mine,
 ‘ Although even hope is denied,
 ‘Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside,—Jessy !’*

in which the sentiment is exquisitely tender and beautiful. We do not, I think, deal thus fairly with our thoughts at present. We accumulate multitudes of words around them ; as though the idea were unable to support itself. Our verbiage is the Corinthian capital, which has succeeded the finer Ionic. One might almost suspect that ‘ the Schoolmaster,’ who is everywhere abroad, has generated rather a facility of spreading common thoughts, than a power of originating new ones. At all events, the verbiage which I have alluded to, is a manifestation of weakness rather than of strength, and indicates, (if one may judge from analogies) a declension, at least as much as a refinement in taste. Feeling this—and feeling also that I myself am far from exempted from

this defect—I have occasionally introduced some poems in this volume, which are bald enough in expression; and which, in fact, have little beyond the mere sentiment to recommend them. But this ought to be sufficient. If it be not sufficient in my case, (for it *is* so, frequently, in Mr. Wordsworth's poems,) I can plead nothing beyond a good intention; and must throw myself on the charity of the reader.

It cannot be very flattering to our self-love, to observe, that all the song-writers, except Mr. Moore, (and—I ought to have added, Dibdin,) are *Scottish* poets. In *our* songs, however, we differ—not only in merit, but frequently also in character, from the songs which have proceeded from Scotland. The latter approach more nearly to the ballad, which comprises *a story*. A song—(adopting the English model as the fit one), may be considered as the expression of *a sentiment*, varying according to the humour of the poet. It should be fitted for music; and, in fact, should become *better* for the accompaniment of music; otherwise it can scarcely be deemed, *essentially*, a song.

The character of Poetry has always fluctuated with

the times ; and Songs, as well as the epic poem and the drama, have partaken of each successive change. In early ages, they were spontaneous and necessarily rude productions : in refined times they became artificial. Neither of these two periods are, I apprehend, the most favourable to poetry. The mind of the poet requires to be somewhat cultivated and enlarged by reading ; but it should not be perplexed by too many critical distinctions, nor weakened by excessive refinement. The age of poetry precedes that of criticism ; as the act precedes the law, which is made to control it. It is *then*,—in the youth and first manhood of literature, that all imaginative writings are the best. If they exhibit not the fastidiousness and superfluous accuracy of later ages, (which, in many cases, is little better than the ‘ridiculous excess,’) they make amends for such deficiencies by the freshness and beauty,—the originality and undaunted vigour of their images. In effect, it is a species of paradox in criticism, to insist upon minute and mathematical niceties, in things which deal mainly with the passions.

In our country, (and I believe in most others) the

ballad preceded the song. The achievements of the warrior were reflected in the magnifying verse of the minstrel. There scarcely ever was an age so dark, or a people so barbarous, as not to have possessed bards who sang the praises of their heroes. These two seem, in fact, to have been almost necessary to each other; and to have gone, hand in hand, together, illustrating the soul and sinews of the times. The soldier would have lacked one strong incentive, had a minstrel been found wanting to shout forth his deeds; and, without a hero, the minstrel himself would have had little or no subject for his song. For all the subtleties of thought, which writers in more advanced ages pour out so profusely, are beyond the range of an uneducated poet. He knows, and sings only, what he sees and hears. The sheep and their pastures,—the struggles and bloody feuds of his province, form the staple of his verse. His heroes are renowned like the racer, for blood, and bone, and sinew. All else is beyond his limit,—beyond his power. It is the educated poet only who subdues abstract ideas to the purposes of his verse, and lets

loose his Imagination into daring and subtle speculations. There is no one, with whose works I am acquainted, who falsifies this position ; saving perhaps Shakspeare,—who is an exception to all things !

The ballad-writers of our country were men of great talent ; but they did not go beyond their age. They roared out Bacchanalian songs, over sack and the ‘ blood-red wine :’ they bruited about the deeds of their favourite heroes, till the heroism of the verse bore the same proportion to the original actions that vapour does to water. In return for this,—they were paid—in bed and board ; in wine, and mead, and broad-cloth ; and in huge quantities of praise ! Occasionally, indeed, when some rich and puissant baron was transformed into a god, or his dame or daughter were exhibited in flattering comparison with the foam-born Venus, by the false glamour of poetry, the minstrel became master of a jewel or an ounce of gold. Subsequently to all this, our ballad-makers and players wandered about to fairs and revels. Private beneficence was often found wanting ; (perhaps it was sometimes taxed too heavily ;) and the men who

had wares for all tastes, wisely left the individual for the multitude. And hence began the patronage of 'the Public.'

The competition for public favour, however, was not long confined to professed minstrels. The arts of reading and writing, opened a new prospect of ambition to our noble ancestors. The spirit of chivalry, which had previously manifested itself in hard blows alone, sought opportunities for exhibiting its gentler qualities in song. Love, Devotion, Constancy, Generosity, and the various other Virtues, (which do not consist merely in the muscles, or spring from the sheer insensibility of the animal man,) found historians. Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, and a host of others, form part of this early class of poets. Their style and gallantry (with such small gradual change as is always occurring in literature), remained till the death of Charles the First. Upon that occasion the belles lettres, as well as monarchy, were overturned for a time; but returned,—the former in a new guise and thoroughly degenerated,—with the courtiers of his son. From that period, till the time of

Thomson and Collins, (for I refer Milton to the earlier period,) all our songs, and most of our poems, were evidently written by the celebrated "Lady of Quality."* I recollect scarcely a single *English* song of high character, which has been ten years before the public. And yet, Burns and other Scottish poets have, for almost half a century, been scattering among us the seeds of a better taste. Let us hope, that in an agreeable (although not very important) department of literature, we are destined to some improvement.

For the following poems, (about one third of which may be called Songs), I do not insist very strongly on the admiration of the reader. They are intended somewhat in the shape of a farewell offering, from a person who has met with much kindness from the Public, and is neither able—nor inclined—to forget it.

* Dryden and Pope, and a few others, form of course illustrious exceptions to this censure.

* * * Since the foregoing Introduction was written, I have submitted it to the perusal of a friend, whose opinion I respect; and he tells me that I have not done justice to the song-writers who have flourished since the Restoration. Perhaps I have relied too much on my old impressions, instead of examining the facts again.

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SONGS, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

* * * The Writer of the following Poems has, for some years past, abandoned verse-writing ; for graver, and (to him) more important occupations. He has, however,—influenced by motives, with which he need not trouble the reader,—allowed some of the MSS. remaining in his Portfolio to be printed. The time is not very favourable to productions of this sort ; but—‘*Le Printemps reviendra!*’ The days for relishing Poetry can never be utterly at an end. We may as well hope to extinguish the Imagination and the Fancy themselves, as to put a final stop to the love, which Poetry (their offspring) has so long excited. When ‘the Spring shall return,’ the Author hopes that a few of these verses will find favour with the Public ; upon whose kindness and courtesy he throws himself, as a writer of verse, for—he believes—the last time !

It is proper to state that several of the following Songs, which have obtained considerable popularity, are indebted for it mainly, if not solely, to the music of The CHEVALIER SIGISMOND NEUKOMM ;—a composer of the very first order.



SONGS.

PART THE FIRST.

I.—THE SEA.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;

With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! *how* I love to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the Sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

II.—THE HOME OF THE ABSENTEE.

THE weed mourns on the castle wall,
 The grass lies on the chamber floor,
 And on the hearth, and in the hall,
 Where merry music danced of yore !
 And the blood-red wine no longer
 Runs,—(how it used to run !)
 And the shadows within, grown stronger,
 Look black on the mid-day sun !

*All is gone ; save a Voice
 That never did yet rejoice :
 'Tis sweet and low ; 'tis sad and lone ;
 And it biddeth us love the thing that's flown.*

The Gardens feed no fruits nor flowers,
 But childless seem, and in decay ;
 The traitor clock forsakes the hours,
 And points to times—oh, far away !
 And the steed no longer neigheth,
 Nor paws the startled ground ;
 And the dun hound no longer bayeth ;
 But death is in all around !

*All is gone ; save a Voice
 That never did yet rejoice :
 'Tis sweet and low ; 'tis sad and lone ;
 And it biddeth us love the thing that's flown.*

The Lord of all the lone domain,
 An undeserving master flies,
 And leaves a land where he might reign,
 For alien hearts and stranger skies :
 And the peasant disdains the story,
 He loved to recount of yore ;
 And the Name, that was once a glory,
 Is heard in the land no more !

*All is gone ; save a Voice
 That never did yet rejoice :
 'Tis sweet and low ; 'tis sad and lone ;
 And it biddeth us love the thing that's flown.*

III.—INDIAN LOVE.

TELL me not that thou dost love me,
 Though it thrill me with delight :
 Thou art, like the stars, above me ;
 I—the lowly earth at night.

Hast thou (*thou* from kings descended)
 Loved the Indian cottage-born ;
 And shall she, whom Love befriended,
 Darken all thy hopeful morn ?

Go,—and, for thy fathers' glory,
 Wed the blood that's pure and free :
 'Tis enough to gild my story
 That I *once* was loved by thee !

IV.—KING DEATH.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

KING Death was a rare old fellow !
 He sate where no sun could shine ;
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,
 And poured out his coal-black wine.

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

There came to him many a Maiden,
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine ;
 And Widows, with grief o'erladen,
 For a draught of his sleepy wine.

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

The Scholar left all his learning ;
 The Poet his fancied woes ;
 And the Beauty her bloom returning,
 Like life to the fading rose.

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

All came to the royal old fellow,
 Who laugh'd till his eyes dropped brine,
 As he gave them his hand so yellow,
 And pledged them in Death's black wine.

Hurrah !—Hurrah !

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

V.—PAST TIMES.

—
OLD Acquaintance, shall the nights
You and I once talked together,
Be forgot like common things,—
Like some dreary night that brings
Nought, save foul weather ?

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together,—
Of love and rhyme, of books and men :
Ah ! our hearts were buoyant *then*
As the wild-goose feather !

Twenty years have fled, we know,
Bringing care and changing weather ;
But hath th' heart no *backward* flights,
That we again may see those nights,
And laugh together ?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
Renews the past year's mouldering feather :
Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
From age to youth,—and dream once more
Long nights together ?

VI.—A SERENADE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.



AWAKE!—The starry midnight Hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight :
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower ;
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight !
Awake ! Awake !
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Soft dews will soon arise
From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break !
Awake ! Awake !
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee :
Ah, come, and shew the starry Hour
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !
Awake ! Awake !
Shew all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake!—Ne'er heed, though listening Night
 Steal music from thy silver voice :
 Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
 And bid the world and me rejoice!

Awake ! Awake !

She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake !



VII.—TO MY LYRE.



SLEEP,—sleep, my Lyre !
 Untouch'd,—unsought,—unstrung !
 No one now will e'er enquire
 If poet to thee ever sung ;
 Nor if his spirit clung
 To thy witching wire !—
 Bid thy soul of music sleep,
 As winds lie on the charmed deep,
 When the mistress Moon doth chide
 The tempest, or the murmuring tide !
 'Tis well to be a thing forgot !
 Oblivion is a happy lot !
 'Tis well that neither Love, nor Woe,
 Nor sad sweet thoughts of ' long ago,'
 Should 'waken again thy self-consuming fire !
 Therefore, therefore,—sleep, my Lyre !

VIII.—THE ONSET. A BATTLE SONG.

SOUND an alarum! The foe is come!
 I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,
 The cry, and the blow of his daring drum—

Huzzah!

Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
 Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
 What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
 Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
 Have we not God on our side to-day?

Huzzah!

Look! They are staggered on yon black heath:
 Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
 Now is your time, men,—Down like Death!

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!
 Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!
 Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!

Huzzah!

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!
 Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
 Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

IX.—SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

HIDE me, O twilight Air !
 Hide me, from thought, from care,
 From all things, foul or fair,
 Until to-morrow !
 To-night I strive no more ;
 No more my soul shall soar :
 Come, Sleep, and shut the door !
 'Gainst Pain and Sorrow !

If I must see through dreams,
 Be mine Elysian gleams,
 Be mine by morning streams
 To watch and wander !
 So may my spirit cast
 (Serpent-like) off the past,
 And my free soul at last
 Have leave to ponder !

And should'st thou 'scape control,
 Ponder on love, sweet Soul,
 On joy,—the end—the goal
 Of all endeavour !
 But if earth's pains will rise,
 (As damps will seek the skies,)
 Then, Night, seal thou mine eyes,
 In sleep, for ever !

X.—THE HUNTER'S SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn :
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn :
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
 Under the steaming steaming ground.
 Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
 Our horses are ready and steady—So, ho!
 I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

*Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
 The horn,—the horn!
 The merry sweet ring of the hunter's horn.*

Now,—Thorough the copse, where the fox is found,
 And over the stream, at a mighty bound,
 And over the high lands, and over the low,
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows the hunters go!
 Away!—as a hawk flies full at its prey,
 So flieth the hunter, away,—away!
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
 When the red fox dies and—the day is done!

*Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
 'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.
 The horn,—the horn!
 The merry bold voice of the hunter's horn.*

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
 What's the gulley deep or the roaring flood?
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
 Oh!—*what* delight can a mortal lack,
 When he once is firm on his horse's back,
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
 And the blast of the horn for his morning song?

*Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till morn,
 Of the bold sweet sound of the hunter's horn!*

The horn,—the horn!

Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

XI.—THE RECALL.

COME again! Come again!
 Sunshine cometh after rain.
 As a lamp fed newly burneth,
 Pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,
 Scattering every cloud of pain.
 As the year, which dies in showers,
 Riseth in a world of flowers,
 Called by many a vernal strain,
 Come *thou*,—for whom tears were falling,
 And a thousand tongues are calling!
 Come again, O come again!
 Like the sunshine after rain!

XII.—THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

FAREWELL Old England's shores!
 Farewell her rugged men!
 Now, sailors, strain your oars!
 I ne'er will look again.
 I've lived—I've sought—I've seen—
 Oh, things I love too well,
 Upon those shores of green:
 So, England! long farewell!
Farewell!

I go,—what matter where?
 The Exile when he flies,
 Thinks not of *other* air,—
 Dreams not of *alien* skies:
 He seeks but to depart
 From the land he loves too well,—
 From thoughts that smite his heart:
 So, England! long farewell!
Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,
 A lonelier man, I roam,
 To seek some balm for pain,—
 Perhaps to find a home:

I go,—but Time nor tide,
 Nor all that tongue may tell,
 Shall e'er from thee divide
 My heart,—and so, farewell!

Old England, fare thee well!



XIII.—ON A MOTHER AND CHILD, SLEEPING.



NIGHT gaze, but send no sound!
 Fond heart, thy fondness keep!
 Nurse Silence, wrap them round!
 Breathe low;—they sleep, they sleep!

No wind! no murmuring showers!
 No music, soft and deep!
 No thoughts, nor dreams of flowers!
 All hence;—they sleep, they sleep!

Time's step is all unheard:
 Heaven's stars bright silence keep:
 No breath, no sigh, no word!
 All's still;—they sleep, they sleep!

O Life! O Night! O Time!
 Thus ever round them creep!
 From pain, from hate, from crime,
 E'er guard them, gentle Sleep!

XIV.—THE SEA-KING.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

COME sing, Come sing, of the great Sea-King,
 And the fame that now hangs o'er him,
 Who once did sweep o'er the vanquish'd deep,
 And drove the world before him!
 His deck was a throne, on the ocean lone,
 And the sea was his park of pleasure,
 Where he scattered in fear the human deer,
 And rested—when he had leisure!

*Come,—shout and sing
 Of the great Sea-King,
 And ride in the track he rode in!
 He sits at the head
 Of the mighty dead,
 On the red right-hand of Odin!*

He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth,
 And soared on his victor pinions,
 And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,
 When they look on their blue dominions.
 His whole earth life was a conquering strife,
 And he lived till his beard grew hoary,
 And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,
 And now—he is lost in glory!

So,—shout and sing, &c.

XV.—THE WILD CHERRY-TREE.

OH,—there never was yet so fair a thing,
 By racing river or bubbling spring,
 Nothing that ever so gaily grew
 Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
 Nothing so brave—nothing so free
 As *thou*—my wild wild Cherry-tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
 Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!
 Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
 Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown!
 Oak or ash—what matter to *thee*?
 'Twas the same to my wild wild Cherry-tree.

Never at rest, like one that's young
 Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,
 Shaking its bright and crowned head,
 Whilst I stole up for its berries red—
 Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
 Hurrah! for the wild wild Cherry-tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
 And I see thy branches against the sky,
 I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
 I see (nay I taste) thy berries red,
 And I shout—like the tempest loud and free,
 Hurrah! for the wild wild Cherry-tree!

XVI.—THE COMMON LOT.

MOURN not thy daughter fading !
It is the common lot,
That those we love should come and go,
And leave us in this world of woe :
So, murmur not !

Her life was short, but fair,
Unsullied by a blot ;
And now she sinks to dreamless rest,—
(A dove, who makes the earth her nest ;)
So, murmur not !

No pangs, nor passionate grief,
Nor anger raging hot,
No ills shall ever harm her more ;
She goes unto the silent shore,
Where pain is not.

Weep'st thou that none should mourn
For thee, and thy sad lot ?
Peace, peace ! and know that few e'er grieve
When Death, the tyrant, doth unweave
Life's little knot.

E'en *thou* scarce wept must fade !
 It is the common lot,
 To link our hearts to things that fly,—
 To love without return,—and die,
 And be—forgot !



XVII.—THE LITTLE VOICE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.



ONCE there was a little Voice,
 Merry as the month of May,
 That did cry '*Rejoice ! Rejoice !*'
 Now—'tis flown away !

Sweet it was, and very clear,
 Chasing every thought of pain :
 Summer ! shall I ever hear
 Such a voice again ?

I have pondered all night long,
 Listening for as soft a sound ;
 But so sweet and clear a song,
 Never have I found !

I would give a mine of gold,
 Could I hear that little Voice,—
 Could I, as in days of old,
 At a sound rejoice !

XVIII.—A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.

SING!—Who sings
 To her who weareth a hundred rings?
 Ah, who is this lady fine?
 The VINE, boys, the VINE!
 The mother of mighty Wine.
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree,
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
 To her who blusheth and never thinks?
 Ah, who is this maid of thine?
 The GRAPE, boys, the GRAPE!
 O, never let her escape
 Until she be turned to Wine!
 For better is she,
 Than vine can be,
 And very very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
 Of the God who governs a thousand streams?
 Ah, who is this Spirit fine?
 'Tis WINE, boys, 'tis WINE!
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
 O better is he
 Than grape or tree,
 And the best of all good company!

XIX.—DARK-EYED BEAUTY OF THE SOUTH.

DARK-EYED beauty of the South !
Mistress of the rosy mouth !
Doth thy heart desert its duty ?
Doth thy blood belie thy beauty ?
Art thou false, and art thou cold ?
Art thou sworn to wed for gold ?

On thy forehead sitteth pride,
Crowned with scorn and falcon-eyed ;
But beneath, methinks, thou twinest
Silken smiles that *seem* divinest.
Can such smiles be false and cold ?
Canst thou—*wilt* thou wed for gold ?

We, who dwell on Northern earth,
Fill the frozen air with mirth,—
Soar upon the wings of laughter,
(Though we droop the moment after :)
But, through all our regions cold,
None will sell their hearts for gold.

XX.—THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

How many Summers, love,
Have I been thine ?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine ?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves ;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves ;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known ;
Sweet looks we half forget ;—
All else is flown !

Ah !—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing !
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden Spring !
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time !

XXI.—SHE WAS NOT FAIR NOR FULL OF GRACE.

SHE was not fair, nor full of grace,
 Nor crowned with thought or aught beside ;
 No wealth had she, of mind or face,
 To win our love, or raise our pride :
 No lover's thought her cheek did touch ;
 No poet's dream was 'round her thrown ;
 And yet we miss her—ah, too much,
 Now—she hath flown !

We miss her when the morning calls,
 As one that mingled in our mirth ;
 We miss her when the evening falls,—
 A trifle wanted on the earth !
 Some fancy small or subtle thought
 Is checked 'ere to its blossom grown ;
 Some chain is broken that we wrought,
 Now—she hath flown !

No solid good, nor hope defined,
 Is marred now she hath sunk in night ;
 And yet the strong immortal Mind
 Is stopped in its triumphant flight !
 Perhaps some grain lost to its sphere
 Might cast the great Sun from his throne ;
 For all we know is—' She was here,'
 And—' She hath flown !'

XXII.—A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

WHEN the merry lark doth gild
 With his song the summer hours,
 And their nests the swallows build
 In the roofs and tops of towers,
 And the golden broom-flower burns
 All about the waste,
 And the maiden May returns
 With a pretty haste—

*Then, how merry are the times !
 The Summer times ! the Spring times !*

Now, from off the ashy stone
 The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
 And all merry birds are flown,
 And our dream of pleasure dieth ;
 Now the once blue laughing sky
 Saddens into gray,
 And the frozen rivers sigh,
 Pining all away !

*Now, how solemn are the times !
 The Winter times ! the Night times !*

Yet, be merry : all around
 Is through one vast change resolving :
 Even Night, who lately frowned,
 Is in paler dawn dissolving :

Earth will burst her fetters strange,
 And in spring grow free :
 All things in the world will change,
 Save—my love for thee !

*Sing then, hopeful are all times !
 Winter, Summer, Spring times !*



XXIII.—THE QUADROON.



SAY they that all beauty lies
 In the paler maiden's hue ?
 Say they that all softness flies,
 Save from eyes of April blue ?
 Arise thou, like a night in June,
 Beautiful Quadroon !

Come,—all dark and bright, as skies
 With the tender starlight hung !
 Loose the Love from out thine eyes !
 Loose the Angel from thy tongue !
 Let them hear Heaven's own sweet tune,
 Beautiful Quadroon !

Tell them—Beauty (born above)
 From no shade nor hue doth fly :
 All she asks is Mind, is Love,
 And both upon *thine* aspect lie,—
 Like the light upon the moon,
 Beautiful Quadroon !

XXIV.—THE BLOODHOUND.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

COME, Herod, my hound, from the stranger's floor !
 Old friend,—we must wander the world once more !
 For no one now liveth to welcome us back :
 So, come !—let us speed on our fated track.
 What matter the region,—what matter the weather,
 So you and I travel, till death, together ?
 And in death ?—why, e'en *there* I may still be found
 By the side of my beautiful black bloodhound.

We've traversed the desert, we've traversed the sea,
 And we've trod on the heights where the eagles be ;
 Seen Tartar, and Arab, and swart Hindoo ;
 (How thou pull'dst down the deer in those skies of blue !)
 No joy did divide us ; no peril could part
 The man from his friend of the noble heart ;
 Ay, his *friend* ; for where—where shall there ever be found
 A friend like his resolute fond bloodhound ?

What, Herod, old hound ! dost remember the day
 When I fronted the wolves, like a stag at bay ?
 When downwards they galloped to where we stood,
 Whilst I staggered with fear in the dark pine wood ?
 Dost remember their howlings ? their horrible speed ?
 God, God ! how I prayed for a friend in need !
 And—he came ! Ah ! 'twas then, my dear Herod, I found
 That the best of all friends was my bold bloodhound.

Men tell us, dear friend, that the noble hound
 Must for ever be lost in the worthless ground :
 Yet, ' Courage'—' Fidelity'—' Love'—(they say)
 Bear *Man*, as on wings, to his skies away.
 Well, Herod,—go tell them whatever may be
 I'll hope I may ever be found by thee.
 If in sleep,—in sleep ; if with skies around,
 May'st thou follow e'en thither, my dear bloodhound !



XXV.—IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA.



Is my lover on the sea,
 Sailing East, or sailing West ?
 Mighty Ocean, gentle be,
 Rock him into rest !

Let no angry wind arise,
 Nor a wave with whitened crest :
 All be gentle as his eyes
 When he is caressed !

Bear him (as the breeze above
 Bears the bird unto its nest,)
 Here,—unto his home of love,
 And there bid him rest !

XXVI.—THE MISLETOE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

WHEN winter nights grow long,
 And winds without blow cold,
 We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
 And listen to stories old!
 And we try to look grave, (as maids should be,)
 When the men bring in boughs of the Laurel-tree.
O, the Laurel, the evergreen tree!
The Poets have laurels,—and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
 And hides the wintry sun,
 To see them come in to the blazing fire,
 And know that their work is done;
 Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
 Green branches of Holly for Christmas time!
O the Holly, the bright green Holly!
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes—(in *our* grave house,
 Observe, this happeneth not;)

But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs
 And the holly are all forgot!

And then ! what then ? why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the Mistletoe !

*Oh, brave is the Laurel ! and brave is the Holly !
But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy !
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know
What is done—under the Mistletoe !*

—◆—
XXVII.—CONSTANCY.

I WOULD I were the bold March-wind,
The merry boisterous bold March-wind,
Who in the violet's tender eyes,
Casts a kiss,—and forwards flies !

*Yet,—no ! No slight to thee !
O Constancy ! O Constancy !*

I would I were the soft West-wind,
The wandering sighing soft West-wind,
Who fondles 'round the hyacinth bells,
Then takes wing,—as story tells !

*Yet,—no ! No slight to thee !
O Constancy ! O Constancy !*

No ; rather will I be the breeze,
That blows strait on in Indian seas ;
Or scents, which, in the rose's heart,
Live and love,—and ne'er depart !

*Love,—Love,—for aye to thee !
O Constancy ! O Constancy !*

XXVIII.—THE NIGHTS.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

OH! The Summer Night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
Whilst the sweet Winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown !

But the Autumn Night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free ;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the Thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter Night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain ;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the Night, the Night !
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time ;
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover out-poureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
 To the forests deep,
 The forest bird to its nest;
 To Care bright hours,
 And dreams of flowers,
 And that balm to the weary,—Rest!



XXIX:—TO A NIGHTINGALE, AT MID-DAY.



THY voice is sweet,—is sad,—is clear,
 And yet, methinks, 't should flow unseen,
 Like hidden rivers that we hear
 Singing amongst the forests green.

Delay, delay! till downy Eve
 Into her twilight woods hath flown:
 Too soon, musician, dost thou grieve;
 Love bloometh best (like thought)—alone.

Cease, cease awhile! Thy holy strain
 Should be amongst the silence born;
 Thy heart may then unfold its pain,
 Leaning upon its bridal thorn.

The insect noise, the human folly
 Disturb thy grave thoughts with their din;
 Then, cease awhile, bird Melancholy,
 And when the fond Night hears,—begin!

XXX.—THE STORMY PETREL.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
'Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the Deep ! O'er the Deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird
 Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
 Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
 Yet *he* ne'er falters:—So, Petrel! spring
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!



XXXI.—EARTH AND AIR.



How bountiful, how wonderful
 Thou art, sweet Air!
 And yet, albeit thine odours lie
 On every gust that mocks the eye,
 We pass thy gentle blessings by
 Without a care!

How bountiful, how wonderful
 Thou art, sweet Earth!
 Thy seasons, changing with the sun,—
 Thy beauty out of darkness won!
 And yet, whose tongue (when all is done)
 Will tell thy worth?

The poet's!—He alone doth still
 Uphold *all* worth!
 Then, love the poet;—love his themes,
 His thoughts, half-hid in golden dreams,
 Which make thrice fair the songs and streams
 Of Air and Earth.

XXXII.—SONG OF THE SOLDIER TO HIS SWORD.

MY Sword! My friend! My noble friend!
 Champion fearless! Servant true!
 Whom my fathers without end
 In their thousand battles drew,—
Come!

Let me bare thee to the light!
 Let me clutch thee in my hand!
 Oh! how keen, how blue, how bright,
 Is my noble, noble brand!

Thou wast plucked from some base mine,—
 Born 'midst stone and stubborn clay:
 Ah! who dreamt that aught divine
 In that rugged aspect lay?

Come!

Once we called and thou didst come—
 Strait from out thy sleep didst start,
 And the trump and stormy drum
 Woke at once thy iron heart!

Thou wast like the lightning, driven
 By the tempest's strength at speed!
 Brazen shields and armour riven
 Told what thou couldst do, at need.

Come!

Hark! again the trumpets bray!
 Hark! where rolls the stormy drum!
 I am here to lead the way:
 Servant of my fathers,—Come!

XXXIII.—THE HAPPY HOURS.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O, the Hours! the happy Hours!
 When there shone the light of Love,
 And all the sky was blue above,
 And the earth was full of flowers!

*Why should Time and toil
 The worth and beauty spoil
 Of such happy Hours?*

O, the Hours! the spring-time Hours!
 When the Soul doth forwards bend
 And dream the sweet world hath no end,
 Neither spot, nor shade, nor showers!

*Can we ne'er resume
 The love, the light, the bloom
 Of those vernal Hours?*

Ever do the year's bright Hours
 Come, with laughing April, round,
 And with her walk the grassy ground,
 When she calleth forth the flowers:

*But no new springs bear
 To us, thoughts half so fair
 As the bye-gone Hours!*

XXXIV.—HURRAH FOR MERRY ENGLAND.

HURRAH, for the Land of England!

Firm-set in the subject sea;

Where the women are fair,

And the men (like air)

Are all lovers of liberty!

Hurrah! for merry England!

Long life, without strife, for England!

Hurrah, for the Spirit of England!

The merry, the true, the free;

Who stretcheth his hand,

With a king's command,

All over the circling sea!

Hurrah! for merry England!

Long life, without strife, for England!

Let tyrants rush forth on the nations,

And strive to chain down the free;

But do *Thou* stand fast,

From the first to the last,

For "THE RIGHT,"—wheresoever it be!

O merry, O merry England!

Long life to the Spirit of England!

Hurrah, for William of England!

Our friend,—as a King should be;

Who casteth aside,

Man's useless pride,

And leans on his people free!

Hurrah! for the King of England!

The boast of merry England!

Her King is the boast of England ;
 Her guards are her ships at sea ;
 But her beauty lies
 In her women's eyes,
 And her strength in her People free !
*So, Three cheers for merry England !
 For the King and the free Men of England !
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !*

XXXV.—WHY DOTH THE BOTTLE STAND ?

WHY doth the bottle stand, boys ?
 Let the glass run silent round !
 Wine should go,
 As the blood doth flow,
 Its course, without pause or sound.
*Scorn not Wine !—Truth divine
 And Courage dwell with noble Wine.*

Send round the bottle quick, boys !
 No reason ask nor pause !
 Wine should run,
 Like a circling sun,
 By its own unquestioned laws.
Scorn not Wine ! &c.

Fill to the beaded brims, boys,
 Let each glass, like a king, be crown'd !
 Drink—" Joy, and Wealth,
 And a mighty Health,
 To ourselves and the world around !"
Scorn not Wine ! &c.

XXXVI.—COUNT BALTHAZAR.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

“ A famous man is Robin Hood ;
 But “ *each land* ” hath a thief as good ;
 Then let us chaunt a passing stave,
 In honour of the Hero brave ! ”

WORDSWORTH'S ROB ROY.

COUNT BALTHAZAR reigns in his strong stone tower,
 Girt round by his iron men ;
 And his strength, like the terrible Tempest's power,
 Sweeps thorough each Alpine glen !

A hunter he *is*, though a monarch grim
 He seems on his mountain throne ;
 But he hunts not the stag, nor the ermine slim,
 Nor the wolf, nor the eagle lone.

He breedeth no cattle, he traineth no vine,
 He hath nought that is bought or sold :
 Yet his cellars are bursting with brave bright wine,
 And his coffers are crammed with gold.

Whenever he lacketh or kine or corn,
 He calls to his armed band ;
 And they hunt through the vallies, from night till morn,
 And beg for him,—sword in hand !

So he drinks and he revels, till daylight gleams :
 But—nothing is free from pain !
 For a Demon e'er watches his blood-red dreams,
 (Whose laughter is deep
 As the depths of sleep,)
 And scares him to life again !

* * * * *

So Balthazar lives, and so must he die,
 However the seasons roll :
 The visions of guilt must haunt his eye,
 And the dread of the damn'd, his soul !

He arose, like a pillar of fire, whose head
 Is borne up by the raving blast :
 He will sink, (like the fire), deserted,—dead,
 And be trodden in dust, at last !

So,—Down with the tower, the old stone tower !
 And, down with the iron men !
 Let's summon our hearts, and unfetter our power,
 And cleanse out the robbers' den !

Where lieth their strength ? In a vague false fame.
 Where based ? On our fear alone.
 Then let *us* build a phantom, and forge us a name,
 In a foundery of our own !

XXXVII.—WHEN FRIENDS LOOK DARK AND COLD.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.

WHEN friends look dark and cold,
 And maids neither laugh nor sigh,
 And your enemy proffers his gold,
 Be sure there is danger nigh,

*O, then 'tis time to look forward,
 And back, like the hunted hare ;
 And to watch, as the little bird watches,
 When the falcon is in the air.*

When the trader is scant of words,
 And your neighbour is rough or shy,
 And your banker recalls his hoards,
 Be sure there is danger nigh.

O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

Whenever a change is wrought,
 And you know not the reason why,
 In your own or an old friend's thought,
 Be sure there is evil nigh.

O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

XXXVIII.—THE NIGHT IS CLOSING ROUND, MOTHER.

THE night is closing round, Mother !
 The shadows are thick and deep !
 All round me they cling, like an' iron ring,
 And I cannot—cannot sleep !

Ah, Heaven !—thy hand, thy hand, Mother !
 Let me lie on thy nursing breast !
 They have smitten my brain with a piercing pain :—
 But 'tis gone !—and I now shall rest.

I could sleep a long long sleep, Mother !
 So, seek me a calm cool bed :
 You may lay me low, in the virgin snow,
 With a moss-bank for my head.

I would lie in the wild wild woods, Mother !
 Where nought but the birds are known ;
 Where nothing is seen, but the branches green,
 And flow'rs on the greensward strewn.

No lovers there witch the air, Mother !
 Nor mock at the holy sky :
 One may live and be gay, like a summer day,
 And at last, like the Summer,—die !

XXXIX.—PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

PEACE! what do tears avail?

She lies all dumb and pale,

And from her eye

The spirit of lovely life is fading,—

And she must die!

Why looks the lover wroth? the friend upbraiding?

Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long

'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?

Then, why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,

And hopeless lie?

Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?

Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,

In all her stainless charms,

And with her fly

To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,

The Angels lie!

Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her whiteness?

Reply, reply!

XL.—THE WOOD-THRUSH.

WHITHER hath the Wood-thrush flown,
 From our greenwood bowers?
 Wherefore builds he not again,
 Where the white-thorn flowers?

Bid him come! for on his wings,
 The sunny year he bringeth;
 And the heart unlocks its springs,
 Wheresoe'er he singeth.

Lover-like the creature waits,
 And when Morning soareth,
 All his little soul of song,
 Tow'rd the dawn he poureth.

Sweet one, why art thou not heard
Now, where woods are stillest?
 Oh, come back! and bring with thee,
 —Whatsoe'er thou willest;—

Laughing thoughts,—delighting songs,—
 Dreams of azure hours,—
 Something,—nothing;—all we ask
 Is to see thee ours!

'Tis enough that thou should'st sing
 For thy own pure pleasure!
 'Tis enough that thou hast *once*
 Sweetened human leisure!

XLI.—MIDNIGHT RHYMES.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

OH ! 'tis merry when stars are bright
 To sing, as you pace along,
 Of the things that are dreamt by night,
 To the motion of some old song :
 For the fancy of mortals teems,
 Whether they wake or sleep,
 With figures, that shine like dreams,
 Then—die in the darkness deep !

*Oh ! merry are Christmas times,
 And merry the belfry chimes ;
 But the merriest things
 That a man e'er sings,
 Are his Midnight Rhymes.*

'Tis night when the usurers feel
 That their money is thrice repaid ;
 'Tis night when adorers kneel,
 By scores, to the sleeping maid ;
 'Tis night when the author deems
 That his critics are all at bay,
 And the gamester regains in dreams
 The gold that he lost by day.

Oh ! merry are Christmas times, &c.

At night, both the sick and the lame
 Abandon their world of care ;
 And the creature that droops with shame
 Forgetteth her old despair !
 The boy on the raging deep
 Laughs loud that the skies are clear ;

And the murderer turns, in sleep,
 And dreams that a pardon's near!

Oh ! merry are Christmas times, &c.

At night, all wrongs are right,
 And all perils of life grow smooth ;
 Then why cometh the fierce day-light,
 When fancy is bright as truth ?
 All hearts, 'tween the earth and the moon,
 Recover their hopes again :
 Ah,—'tis pity so sweet a tune
 Should ever be jarred by pain !

Yet,—merry are Christmas times, &c.

—◆—
 XLII.—A LOVE SONG. .
 —

GIVE me but thy heart, though cold ;
 I ask no more !
 Give to others gems and gold ;
 But leave *me* poor.
 Give to whom thou wilt thy smiles ;
 Cast o'er others all thy wiles ;
 But let thy tears flow fast and free,
 For *me*, with *me* !

Giv'st thou but *one* look, sweet heart ?
 A word,—no more ?
 It is Music's sweetest part,
 When lips run o'er !
 'Tis a part I fain would learn,
 So, prythee, *here* thy lessons turn,
 And teach me, to the close,
 All Love's pleasures,—all its woes !

XLIII.—THE STRANGER.

A STRANGER came to a rich man's door,
And smiled on his mighty feast ;
And away his brightest child he bore,
And laid her toward the East.

He came next spring, with a smile as gay,
(At the time the East wind blows,)
And another bright creature he led away,
With a cheek like a burning rose.

And he came once more, when the spring was blue,
And whispered the last to rest,
And bore her away,—yet nobody knew
The name of the fearful guest !

Next year, there was none but the rich man left,—
Left alone in his pride and pain,
Who called on the Stranger, like one bereft,
And sought through the land,—in vain !

He came not : he never was heard nor seen
Again ; (so the story saith :)
But, wherever his terrible smile had been,
Men shuddered, and talked of—Death !

XLIV.—SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

WHEN the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me ;
 'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow :
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below !

*O the Spring ! the bountiful Spring !
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.*

Where come the sheep ?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep ?
 To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure ;
 That is a fate that none can cure :
 Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow :
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below !—*O the Spring, &c.*

XLV.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

Now, what shady wreath wilt wear,
Maiden,—Maiden?
Bid them bind the veil with care,
'Round the sunshine of thy hair!
Let thy brow be free from scorn;
Let thine eye have gentle light,
On the gentle marriage morn;
And so—Good Night!

It is now the youth of May,
Maiden,—Maiden!
Choose thou, then, at blush of day,
Buds and blossoms, not too gay;
And, behind their veiling sweets,
Bashful be, 'midst all their light,
When the tender lover greets;
And so—Good Night!

Soon To-morrow will be here,
Maiden,—Maiden!
Then,—as hopes aye mix with fears,
Mix thou smiles with pearled tears;
So shall he who loves thee feel
Thrice his first sweet pure delight,
And nearer to thy bosom steal;
And so—Good Night!

XLVI.—A DEEP AND A MIGHTY SHADOW.

A DEEP and a mighty shadow
Across my heart is thrown,
Like the cloud on a summer meadow,
Where the Thunder-wind hath blown !
The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
The sweet bird, Memory, fieth,
And leaveth me alone,—

Alone with my hopeless Sorrow :
No other mate I know !
I strive to awake To-morrow ;
But the dull words will not flow !
I pray,—but my prayers are driven
Aside, by the angry Heaven,
And weigh me down with woe !

I call on the Past, to lend me
Its songs, to soothe my pain :
I bid the dim Future send me
A light from its eyes,—in vain !
Nought comes ; but a shrill cry starteth
From Hope, as she fast departeth ;—
“ I go, and come not again ! ”

XLVII.—BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR is King! Belshazzar is Lord!
 And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board :
 Fruits glisten, flow'rs blossom, meats steam, and a flood
 Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood :
 Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
 And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth ;
 And the crowds all shout,
 Till the vast roofs ring, —
 “ All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king ! ”

“ Bring forth,” cries the Monarch, “ the vessels of gold,
 Which my father tore down from the temples of old ;—
 Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
 To the Gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone :
 Bring forth ! ”—and before him the vessels all shine,
 And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine ;
 Whilst the trumpets bray,
 And the cymbals ring,—
 “ Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king ! ”

Now what cometh—look, look!—without menace, or call?
 Who writes, with the Lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
 What pierceth the King, like the point of a dart?
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
 “ Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound ! ”

They are read,—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
 Hark!—The Persian is come
 On a conqueror's wing;
 And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!



XLVIII.—THE HEART-BROKEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.



GENTLE Mother, do not weave
 Garlands for my forehead pale!
 Unto hearts that e'er must grieve,
 What do crowns avail?

Tell me not of bridal flowers!
 What are they when life is past?
 Tell me not of happy hours,
 When they flee so fast!

Bind thy cypress round my heart!
 Hide me in the mortal pall!
 Shew them, when all hopes depart,
 What sad things befall!

I am—dead, a statue, left
 Pointing perils out unknown,
 Shorn of life, and love-bereft,
 All my youth o'erthrown!
All o'erthrown!

XLIX.—A PHANTASY.

FEED her with the leaves of Love,—
(Love, the rose, that blossoms here) !
Music, gently 'round her move !
Bind her to the cypress near !
Weave her round and round,
With skeins of silken sound !
'Tis a little stricken deer,
Who doth from the hunter fly,
And comes here to droop,—to die,
Ignorant of her wound !

Soothe her with sad stories,
O poet, till she sleep !
Dreams, come forth with all your glories !
Night, breathe soft and deep !
Music, round her creep !
If she steal away to weep,
Seek her out,—and, when you find her,
Gentle, gentlest Music, wind her
Round and round,
Round and round,
With your bands of softest sound ;—
Such as we, at night-fall, hear
In the wizard forest near,
When the charmed Maiden sings
At the hidden springs !

L.—LIFE.

WE are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
We love ; we droop ; we die !
Ah ! wherefore do we laugh, or weep ?
Why do we live, or die ?
Who knows that secret deep ?
Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye ?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die ?

We toil,—through pain and wrong ;
We fight,—and fly ;
We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life ! is *all* thy song
“ Endure and—die ? ”

END OF PART THE FIRST.

SONGS.



PART THE SECOND.



SONGS.

PART THE SECOND.



LI.—THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily
We ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free:
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.

All nature knows our triumph :
 Strange birds about us sweep ;
 Strange things come up to look at us,
 The masters of the deep :
 In our wake, like any servant,
 Follows even the bold shark—
 Oh, proud must be our Admiral
 Of such a bonny barque !

Proud, proud must be our Admiral,
 (Though he is pale to day,
 Of twice five hundred iron men,
 Who all his nod obey ;
 Who've fought for him, and conquered,—
 Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility ! which he shall have
 Whene'er he touch the shore.
 Oh ! would I were our Admiral,
 To order, with a word,—
 To lose a dozen drops of blood,
 And strait rise up a lord !
 I'd shout e'en to yon' shark, there,
 Who follows in our lee,
 " Some day, I'll make thee carry me,
 Like lightning through the sea."

—The Admiral grew paler,
 And paler as we flew :
 Still talked he to his officers,
 And smiled upon his crew ;

And he looked up at the heavens,
And he looked down on the sea,
And at last he spied the creature,
That kept following in our lee.
He shook—'twas but an instant—
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied :
It threw boldness on his forehead ;
Gave firmness to his breath ;
And he stood like some grim warrior
New risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay ;
And we knew our old fine Admiral
Was changing into clay ;
And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
And a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows in our lee !
'Till dawn we watched the body
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset,
It was slung into the deep !
And never, from that moment,—
Save *one* shudder through the sea,
Saw we (or heard) the shark
That had followed in our lee !

LII.—HOME. (A DUET.)

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither would'st thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy forests? and this golden air?

She. O, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And, more than all, O father, I love *thee*;
Yet would I fain be wandering—far away,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sunbright locks!
To what pale banished region would'st thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries,—Home!

He. See'st thou these orange flowers? this palm, that rears
Its head up tow'rds Heaven's blue and cloudless
dome?

She. I dream, I dream: mine eyes are hid in tears:
My heart is wandering round our ancient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*,—for Home!

LIII.—THE VINTAGE SONG.

O, THE merry vintage-time!
 The merry, matchless vintage-time!
 What can vie
 Beneath the sky
 With the merry merry vintage time?
 What, though summer birds have fled,
 Singing to some other clime;
 We have tongues that music shed
 Still, and a song for vintage-time!
Come!—O'er the hills the moon is glancing!
Now's the time for dancing, dancing!
Now's the time, Now's the time,
The merry merry vintage-time!

Now's the happy vintage-time,
 The happy honour'd vintage-time!
 E'en great Earth
 Doth mix in mirth
 With us, her sons, at vintage time.
 Not a storm doth vex her brow,
 Flooding rain, nor frosty rime;
 But the sunny Autumn now
 Laugheth out—" 'Tis vintage-time."—*Come, &c.*

Praise, then, all the vintage-time,
 Children of the vintage-time!
 Girls and boys
 Who know the joys
 Of the merry fruitful vintage-time!

Leave to Spring the love-sweet flowers ;
 Winter still its song and rhyme ;
 Summer all her balmy hours ;
Still we've our dance at vintage-time!—*Come, &c.*



LIV.—THE EVENING STAR.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

THE Evening Star, the lover's star,
 The beautiful star comes hither!
 He steereth his barque
 Through the azure dark,
 And brings us the bright blue weather,—Love!
 The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb, when the night stars come,
 And Silence broods o'er the covers ;
 But a voice now wakes
 In the thorny brakes,
 And singeth a song for lovers,—Love!
 A sad sweet song for lovers!

It singeth a song, of grief and wrong,
 A passionate song for others ;
 Yet its own sweet pain
 Can never be vain,
 If it 'wakeneth love in others,—Love!
 It 'wakeneth love in others.

LV.—THE WEAVER'S SONG.

WEAVE, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw
 The shuttle athwart the loom,
 And shew us how brightly your flowers grow,
 That have beauty but no perfume!
 Come, shew us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
 The lily, that hath no spot;
 The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,
 And the little forget-me-not!

Sing,—sing, brothers! weave and sing!

'Tis good both to sing and to weave:

'Tis better to work than live idle:

'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid
 The colours of sunset glow!
 Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
 Let beauty about ye blow!
 Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
 And your hands both firm and sure,
 And Time nor chance shall your work untwine;
 But all,—like a truth,—endure!

So,—sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Toil is ours;
 But toil is the lot of men:

One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
 One soweth the seed again !
 There is not a creature, from England's king,
 To the peasant that delves the soil,
 That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
 If he have not his share of toil !

So,—sing, brothers, &c.



LVI.—SLEEP ON !

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.



SLEEP on ! The world is vain ;
 All grief, and sin, and pain :
 If there be a dream of joy,
 It comes in slumber, pretty boy !
 So, sweet Sleep !
 Hang upon his eyelids deep ;
 Shew him all that cannot be,
 Ere thou dost flee !

Sleep on ! Let no bad truth
 Fall yet upon his youth :
 Let him see no thing unkind,
 But live a little longer blind !
 O sweet Sleep !
 Hang upon his eyelids deep ;
 Shew him Love, without his wings,
 And all fair things !

LVII.—LOVE AND MIRTH.

WHAT song doth the cricket sing?
 What news doth the swallow bring?
 What doth laughing boyhood tell?
 What calls out the marriage bell?

*What say all?—Love and Mirth!
 In the air, and in the earth:
 Very very soft and merry
 Is the natural song of Earth.*

Mark the Morn, when first she springs
 Upwards on her golden wings;
 Hark, to the soaring soaring lark!
 And the echoing forests,—hark!

What say they?—Love and Mirth, &c.

With the leaves the apples wrestle;
 In the grass the daisies nestle;
 And the sun smiles on the wall;—
 Tell us, what's the cause of all?

Mirth and Love; Love and Mirth, &c.

Is it Mirth? Then why will man
 Spoil the sweet song all he can?
 Bid him, rather, aye rejoice,
 With a kind and a merry voice!

*Bid him sing 'Love and Mirth!'
 To the air, and to the earth, &c.*

LVIII.—SONG OVER A CHILD.

DREAM, Baby, dream !
The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream ?
'Tis softly flowing.
All gently glide the Hours :
Above, no tempest lowers :
Below, are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.

Sleep, Baby, sleep,
'Till dawn to-morrow !
Why should'st thou weep,
Who know'st not sorrow ?
Too soon come pains and fears ;
Too soon a cause for tears :
So, from thy future years
No sadness borrow !

Dream, Baby, dream !
Thine eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river ?
It saith " Be calm, Be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure ;
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever !"

LIX.—THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

OH! who would be bound to the barren Sea,
 If he could dwell on Land,—

Where his step is ever both firm and free,
 Where flowers arise,
 Like sweet girls' eyes,
 And rivulets sing
 Like birds in spring?—

For me,—I will take my stand
 On Land, on Land!
 For ever and ever on solid Land!

I've sailed on the riotous roaring Sea,
 With an undaunted band:
 Yet my village home more pleaseth me,
 With its valley gay
 Where maidens stray,
 And its grassy mead
 Where the white flocks feed;—

And so,—I will take my stand
 On Land, on Land!
 For ever and ever on solid Land!

Some swear they could die on the salt salt Sea!
 (But have they been loved on Land?)
 Some rave of the Ocean in drunken glee,—
 Of the music born
 On a gusty morn,

When the tempest is waking,
 And billows are breaking,
 And lightning flashing,
 And the thick rain dashing,
 And the winds and the thunders
 Shout forth the sea-wonders!
 —Such things may give joy
 To a dreaming boy;—
 But for *me*,—I will take my stand
 On Land, on Land!
 For ever and ever on solid Land!

LX.—PERDITA.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIGNOR VERINI.

THE nest of the dove is rifled;
 Alas! alas!
 The dream of delight is stifled;
 And all that was
 Of beauty and hope is broken;
 But words will flee,
 Though truest were ever spoken:—
 Alas, for me!

His love was as fragrant ever,
 As flowers to bees;
 His voice like the mournful river;
 But streams will freeze!
 Ah! where can I fly, deceived?
 Ah! where, where rest?
 I am sick, like the dove bereaved,
 And have no nest!

LXI.—LOVE THE POET, PRETTY ONE!

Love the poet, pretty one!
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,—
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap
Music from the golden lyre:
He can shew thee how to steep
All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem
Dark and still, and cold as clay:
He is shadowed by his Dream!
But 'twill pass away.

Then—bright fancies will he weave,
Caught from air and heaven above:
Some will teach thee how to grieve;
Others, how—to love!

How from sweet to sweet to rove—
How all evil things to shun:
Should I not then whisper—'Love—
Love *the poet*, pretty one?

LXII.—LUCY.

Lucy, is a golden girl ;
But a man — *a man* should woo her !
They who seek her shrink aback,
When they should, like storms, pursue her.

All her smiles are hid in light ;
All her hair is lost in splendour ;
But she hath the eyes of Night,
And a heart that's over-tender.

Yet,—the foolish suitors fly,
(Is't excess of dread or duty ?)
From the starlight of her eye,
Leaving to neglect her beauty !

Men by fifty seasons taught,
Leave her to a young beginner,
Who, without a second thought,
Whispers, woos, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl !
Toast her in a goblet brimming !
May the man that wins her wear
On his *heart* the Rose of Women !

LXIII.—THE WOOING SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O PLEASANT is the fisher's life,
By the waters streaming ;
And pleasant is the poet's life,
Ever, ever dreaming :
And pleasant is the hunter's life,
O'er the meadows riding :
And pleasant is the sailor's life,
On the seas abiding !

*But, oh ! the merry life is wooing, is wooing ;
Never overtaking, and always pursuing !*

The hunter, when the chase is done,
Laugheth loud and drinketh ;
The poet, at the set of sun,
Sigheth deep, and thinketh :
The sailor, tho' from sea withdrawn,
Dreams he's half seas over ;
The fisher dreameth of the dawn,
But, what dreams the lover ?

*He dreams that the merry life is wooing, is wooing ;
Never overtaking, and always pursuing !*

Some think that life is very long,
And murmur at the measure ;

Some think it is a syren song—
 A short, false, fleeting pleasure :
 Some sigh it out in gloomy shades,
 Thinking nought, nor doing ;
 But *we'll* ne'er think it gloomy, Maids !
 Whilst there's time for wooing.
*For, sure, the merry life is wooing, is wooing ;
 Never overtaking, and always pursuing !*

LXIV.—HERMIONE.

THOU hast beauty bright and fair,
 Manner noble, aspect free,
 Eyes that are untouched by care :
 What then do we ask from thee ?
Hermione, Hermione ?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
 Wit that envious men admire,
 And a voice, itself a song !
 What then can we still desire ?
Hermione, Hermione ?

Something thou dost want, O queen !
 (As the gold doth ask alloy)
 Tears,—amidst thy laughter seen,
 Pity,—mingling with thy joy.
*This is all we ask, from thee,
 Hermione, Hermione !*

LXV.—THE OWL.

IN the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,
 The spectral Owl doth dwell ;
 Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
 But at dusk,—he's abroad and well !
 Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him ;
 All mock him outright, by day ;
 But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
 The boldest will shrink away !

*O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
 Then, then, is the reign of the Horned Owl !*

And the Owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
 And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;
 And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
 She awaiteth her ghastly groom !
 Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
 As she waits in her tree, so still ;
 But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
 She hoots out her welcome shrill !

*O—when the moon shines, and dogs do howl !
 Then, then is the joy of the Horned Owl !*

Mourn not for the Owl, nor his gloomy plight !
 The Owl hath his share of good :
 If a prisoner he be in the broad day-light,
 He is Lord in the dark green-wood !

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate.

They are each unto each a pride ;

Thrice fonder perhaps, since a strange dark fate

Hath rent them from all beside !

So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,

Sing, Ho ! for the reign of the Horned Owl !

We know not alway

Who are Kings by day,

But the King of the night is the bold brown Owl !



LVI.—MARIAN.



SPiRiT of the summer breeze !

Wherefore sleep'st thou in the trees ?

Come, and kiss the maiden rose,

That on Marian's bosom blows !

Come, and fawn about her hair !

Kiss the fringes of her eyes !

Ask her why she looks so fair,

When she heedeth not my sighs ?

Tell her, murmuring summer air,

That her beauty's all untrue ;

Tell her, she should not seem fair,

Unless she be gentle too !

LXVII.—THE HUMBER FERRY.

BOATMAN, hither! Furl your sail!
Row us o'er the Humber ferry!
Furl it close! The blustering gale
Seems as he would fain be merry.
Pleasant is he, when in fun
He blows about the bud or berry;
But his mirth we fain would shun,
Out upon the Humber ferry!

Now, bold fisher, shall we go
With thee, o'er the Humber river?
Hear'st thou how the blast doth blow?
See'st thou how thy sail doth shiver?
Wilt thou dare (dismayed by nought)
Wind and wave, thou bold sea-liver?
And shall *we*, whom Love hath taught,
Tremble at the rolling river?

Row us forth! Unfurl thy sail!
What care we for tempests blowing?
Let us kiss the blustering gale!
Let us breast the waters flowing!
Though the North rush cold and loud,
Love shall warm and make us merry;
Though the waves all weave a shroud,
We will dare the Humber ferry!

LXVIII.—A REPOSE.

SHE sleeps amongst her pillows soft,
 (A dove, now wearied with her flight),
 And all around, and all aloft,
 Hang flutes and folds of virgin white :
 Her hair out-darkens the dark night,
 Her glance out-shines the starry sky ;
 But now her locks are hidden quite,
 And closed is her fringed eye !

She sleepeth : wherefore doth she start ?
 She sigheth : doth she feel no pain ?
 None, none ! the Dream is near her heart ;
 The Spirit of sleep is in her brain .
 He cometh down like golden rain,
 Without a wish, without a sound ;
 He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain,)
 Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
 Dethroned from his nightly sway,—
 Far fading when the dawning skies
 Our souls with wakening thoughts array.
 Two Spirits of might doth man obey ;
 By each he's wrought, from each he learns :
 The one is Lord of life by day ;
 The other when starry Night returns.

LXIX.—THE LAKE HAS BURST.

THE lake has burst ! The lake has burst !
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee :
 They gallop along
 With a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea !

Down through the vallies, and over the rocks,
And over the forests the flood runs free ;
 And wherever it dashes,
 The oaks and the ashes
Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea !

The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
Both shaken to ruin, at last agree ;
 And the slave and his master
 In one wide disaster
Are hurried like weeds to the scornful sea !

The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane ;
He bellows aloud to the misty sky,
 And the sleep-buried Thunder
 Awakens in wonder,
And the Lightning opens her piercing eye !

There is death above, there is death around,
There is death wheresoever the waters be,
 There is nothing now doing
 But terror and ruin,
On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea !

LXX.—SING, MAIDEN, SING !

SING, Maiden, sing !
Mouths were made for singing ;
Listen,—Songs thou'lt hear
Through the wide world ringing ;
Songs from all the birds,
Songs from winds and showers,
Songs from seas and streams,
Even from sweet flowers.

Hear'st thou the rain,
How it gently falleth ?
Hearest thou the bird,
Who from forest calleth ?
Hearest thou the bee
O'er the sunflower ringing ?
Tell us, Maiden, *now*—
Should'st thou not be singing ?

Hear'st thou the breeze
Round the rose-bud sighing ?
And the small sweet rose
Love to love replying ?
So should'st *thou* reply,
To the prayer we 're bringing :
So that bud, thy mouth,
Should burst forth in singing !

LXXI.—MAUREEN.

THE cottage is here, as of old I remember ;
The pathway is worn, as it ever hath been :
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember ;
But,—where is Maureen ?

The same pleasant prospect still shineth before me,—
The river—the mountain—the valley of green,
And Heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me !
But,—where is Maureen ?

Lost ! Lost !—Like a dream that hath come and departed,
(Ah, why are the loved and lost ever seen ?)
She hath fallen,—hath flown, with a lover false-hearted ;
So, mourn for Maureen !

And She, who so loved her, is slain (the poor mother,)
Struck dead in a day, by a shadow unseen !
And the home we now loved, is the home of another,
And—lost is Maureen !

Sweet Shannon ! a moment by thee let me ponder ;
A moment look back at the things that have been ;
Then, away to the world where the ruined ones wander,
To look for Maureen !

LXXII.—UNEQUAL LOVE.

“ Wailing for his dæmon lover.”

WILT not eat with me, my bride?
 Wilt not drink my amorous wines?
 Dainty meats are by thy side:
 Mark how bright the Rhenish shines!
*Come, be kind! What ills betide thee?
 Is not he thou lov'st beside thee?*

Wherefore sigh'st thou, maiden mine?
 Must thou to the forest haste?
 Nothing have I, meats nor wine,
 That thy fairy lips may taste?
*Speak, love! must I vainly woo thee?
 I,—who gave my heart unto thee?*

Dark one, thou hast bid me press
 Human love upon thy lips:
 But thou yield'st a cold caress,
 And *thy* love is if eclipse!
*Cold and dim whilst I am burning!
 In Love, is there no returning?*

I have loved thee, sought,—pursued,—
 Won thee from thy charmed springs.
 O, that I, instead, had wooed
 The humblest girl that laughs and sings!
*From the dust thy beauty won me;
 But, sweet Love!—He hath undone me!*

LXXIII.—WINE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

I LOVE Wine! Bold bright Wine !
That maketh the Spirit both dance and shine !
Others may care
For water fare ;
But give *me*—Wine !

Ancient Wine! Brave old Wine!
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above ;
But *I* love—Wine !

Nought but Wine! Noble Wine,
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.
What can scare
The devil Despair,
Like brave bright wine?

O brave Wine! Rare old Wine!
Once thou wast deemed a God divine!
Bad are the rhymes,
And bad the times,
That scorn old Wine!

So, brave Wine! Dear old Wine!
Morning, Noon, and Night I'm thine!
Whatever may be,
I'll stand by thee,
Immortal Wine!

LXXIV.—SING! WHO MINGLES WITH MY LAYS!

SING! Who mingles with my lays?
Maiden of the primrose days!
Sing with me, and I will shew
All that thou in spring should'st know,
All the names of all the flowers,
What to do with primrose hours!

Sing! who mingles with my song?
Soldier in the battle strong!
Sing, and thee I'll music teach,
Such as thunders on the beach,
When the waves run mad and white,
Like a warrior in the fight!

Sing! who loves the music tender?
Widow, who hath no defender!—
Orphan!—Scholar!—Mother wild,
Who hast loved (and lost) a child!
Maiden, dreaming of to-morrow!
Let us bring and banish sorrow!
Come!—Sweet music hath a smart,
And a balm for every heart!

LXXV.—I LOVE MY LOVE, BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

MAN, man loves his steed,
 For its blood or its breed,
 For its odour the rose, for its honey the bee,
 His own haughty beauty
 From pride or from duty ;
 But *I* love my love, because—*he* loves *me*.

Oh, my love has an eye,
 Like a star in the sky,
 And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree ;
 And his heart is a treasure,
 Whose worth is past measure ;
 And yet he hath given all—*all* to me !

It crowns me with light
 In the dead of the night,
 It brightens my journey by land and sea ;
 And thus, while I wander,
 I sigh and grow fonder,
 For *my* love ever grows with *his* love for me.

Why didst thou depart,
 Thou sweet bird of my heart ?
 Oh, come back to my bosom, and never flee :
 I never will grieve thee,
 I 'll never deceive thee,
 But love thee for ever, as—*thou* lov'st *me*.

LXXVI.—TALK NOT TO ME OF LOVE.

TALK not to me of love !
 The deer that dies
 Knows more of love than I,
 Who seek the skies.
 Strive not to bind my soul
 With chains of clay !
 I scorn thy poor control ;
 Away,—Away !

Now wherefore dost thou weave
 Thy falsehoods strange ?
 Sad words may make me grieve,
 But never change.
 A snake sleeps in thine eye ;
 It stirs thine heart :
 Why dost thou vainly sigh ?
 Depart,—Depart !

Thy dreams, when Fortune flew,
 Did elsewhere range :
 But Love is *always* true,
 And knows no change.
 More firm in want, in strife,
 Ay, firm through crime,
 He looketh down on life,
 The star of Time !

LXXVII.—MIRIAM.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

(Recitative.)

DARKNESS and God's great wrath for many an age
 Have lain on Israel! O what nights of woe!
 What dreams of long and lonely banishment!
 Spring cometh round, and Summer sweet returneth
 Still to our father's land;—But where are WE?
 Still Siloa murmurs; but we hear her not!
 Still the rose opens, and the lilies pale
 Are born beneath the sun; but we have lost
 All suns, all seasons,—music,—fragrance,—flowers!

Peace,—Darkness hath her share of good, like day:
 Sleep and the world of dreams belong to her;
 And, in our long dark exile, *we* have stars
 That light us onwards, and their beauty shed
 Alone upon the sons of Israel!
 Look,—where one shines;—'tis—Miriam! Judah's child,
 Her pride,—her glory! Statelier than the palm,
 Swift as the roe, dowered with love,—she comes!
 And thus I celebrate her grace in song!

(Air.)

Oh, fairer than the fairest of the flowers!
 Oh, sweeter than the bud when it blows!

Oh, brighter than the summer when it showers
 Its riches on the red red rose !

*Come,—Shew us that the colour of the sky
 Still lives in the Hebrew's eye,
 Miriam !*

Oh, shew us there is truth in thy story ;
 That thy country is worthy of her fame !
 Reappear,—like the Shadow of her glory !
 Reappear,—like the Spirit of her name !

*Come,—Shew us all the starriness that lies
 In the night of the Hebrew's eyes,
 Miriam !*

Look, Look ! where a Spirit, like the lightning,
 Comes flashing from her dark deep gaze !
 Is the Tempest e'er more terrible or blighting, in
 The strength of its storm-bright days ?

*Quick !—Shew us all the terror that may lie
 In the flash of a Hebrew's eye,
 Miriam !*

Our pride, Our glory,—Miriam !

LXXVIII.—BABYLON.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.

(Recitative.)

PAUSE in this desert! Here, men say, of old
 Belshazzar reigned, and drank from cups of gold;
 Here, to his hideous idols, bowed the slave,
 And here—God struck him dead!

Where lies his grave?
 Tis lost!—His brazen gates? his soaring towers,
 From whose dark tops men watched the starry hours?—
 All to the dust gone down! The desert bare
 Scarce yields an echo when we question "*Where?*"
 The lonely herdsman seeks in vain the spot;
 And the black wandering Arab knows it not.
 No brick, nor fragment lingereth now, to tell
 Where Babylon (mighty city!) rose—and fell!

(Air.)

O City, vast and old!

Where, where is thy grandeur fled?
 The stream that around thee rolled,
 Still rolls in its ancient bed!

*But where, oh, where art THOU gone?
 Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!*

The Giant, when he dies,
 Still leaveth his bones behind,

To shrink in the winter skies,
 And whiten beneath the wind !
But where, oh, where art THOU gone ?
Oh, Babylon ! Oh, Babylon !

Thou liv'st !—for thy name still glows,
 A light in the desert skies ;
 As the fame of the hero grows
 Thrice trebled because he dies !
Oh, Babylon ! Oh, Babylon !



LXXIX.—HER LARGE DARK LUMINOUS EYES ARE ON ME.

HER large dark luminous eyes are on me !
 I cannot fly—I cannot move !
 The beauty that in boyhood won me
 Wins me still,—to look and love !

The tongue that wound its music 'round me,
 And might have charmed aside all pain,
 Again all bare and weak hath found me,
 And stings me, to the heart, again !

O Beauty, who my soul subdueth !
 What mean the lightnings of thine eye ?
 Why is it that thy scorn pursueth
 My love,—yet leaves it not to die ?

Sweet Music, cease ! Bright Eyes, all beaming
 With light that makes me mad,—ah, close !
 Give back my colder calmer dreaming !
 Give back my dull dark old repose !

LXXX.—THE REMONSTRANCE.

THOU'LT take me with thee, my love, my love ?
 Wherever thou'rt forced by fate to move ?
 Over the land, or over the sea ?—
 Thou know'st 'tis the same delight to *me*.
 What say'st thou, dear ?
 Thy bride is here,
 All ready to live and die with thee.

*Her heart was in the song ;
 It murmured in the measure ;
 It touched the music, all along,
 With a grave sweet pleasure.*

Thou wilt not leave me behind, behind,
 To the malice of Fortune, harsh and blind ?
 I'll follow thy call, as a bird would flee,
 And sing or be mute as thou biddest me.
 What say'st thou, dear,
 To my fond, fond fear ?
 Thou *can'st* not banish thy love from thee !

*Her heart was in the song ;
 It murmured in the measure ;
 It touched the music, all along,
 With a grave sweet pleasure.*

What say'st thou, my soldier, my love, my pride ?
 Thy answer ? What, was I not *born* thy bride ?
 From my cradle e'er cherished for love and thee,
 And dar'st thou now banish or bid me flee ?

Smil'st thou at my fear?
 Ah, then, my dear,
 I *know* I may love—live—die with thee!

*Her heart was in the song ;
 It murmured in the measure ;
 It touched the music, all along,
 With a grave sweet pleasure.*

LXXXI.—KILL THE LOVE THAT WINDS AROUND THEE.

KILL the love that winds around thee
 With its snake-like death-like twine!
 Where's the guardian steel that bound thee?
 Where are all thy gifts divine?
 Where is wisdom? Where is wine?
 Where's the sad dark truth of story?
 Where the Muse's mighty line?
 Where the fame that burned before thee?

What is love, but life deformed
 From its grand original aim?
 Hero into slave transformed?
 Worlds lost at a single game?
 Whose the peril—whose the shame,
 Should'st thou die in love's fond slavery?
 Rise! Earth's nought without its fame!
 Rise! Life's nought without its bravery!

LXXXII.—WHAT SAY THE CLOUDS ON THE HILL AND PLAIN ?

WHAT say the clouds on the hill and plain ?

“ We come, we go.”

What say the springs of the dreaming brain ?

“ We shrink, we flow.”

What say the maids in their changeful hours ?

“ We laugh, we cry.”

What say the budding and fading flowers ?

“ We live, we die.”

*And thus all things go ranging,
From riddle to riddle changing,
From day into night, from life into death,
And no one knows why, my song saith.*

A fable is good, and a truth is good,

And loss, and gain ;

And the ebb and the flood, and the black pine wood,

And the vast bare plain ;

To wake and to sleep, and to dream of the deep,

Are good, say I ;

And 'tis good to laugh and 'tis good to weep ;

But who knows why ?

Yet thus all things go ranging, &c.

We cumber the earth for a hundred years ;

We learn, we teach ;

We fight amidst perils, and hopes, and fears,

Fame's rock to reach.

We boast that our fellows are sages wrought
 In toil and pain ;
 Yet the common lesson by Nature taught,
 Doth vex their brain !

Oh ! all things here go ranging, &c.

—◆—
 LXXXIII.—A DILEMMA.
 —

WHICH is the maiden I love best ?
 Twenty now are buzzing round me ;
 Three in their milk-white arms have wound me,
 Gently,—yet I feel no rest !
 One hath showered her black locks o'er me,
 Ten kneel on the ground before me,
 Casting forth such beams of blue,
 That I'm pierc'd—oh, through and through !
 Bacchus ! Gods ! what *can* I do ?
 Which *must* I love best ?

Tell me—(ah, more gently take me,
 Sweet one, in thy warm white arms !)
 Tell me, which will ne'er forsake me
 Thorough all life's ills and harms ?
 Is it *she*, whose blood's retreating
 From that forehead crowned with pride ?
 Is it *she*, whose pulse is beating
 Full against my unarmed side ?
 What do all these things betide ?
 Strong my doubts grow,—strong,—and stronger :
 Quick ! give answer to my call !
 If ye pause a moment longer,
 I shall love ye—ALL !

LXXXIV.—THE BEGGAR'S SONG

I AM a merry beggar,
A beggar I was born,
Tossed about the wild world,
From evening till morn ;
A plaything of the tempest,
A brother of the night,
A conqueror, a conjurer,
When 'tis merry star-light!

Oh! nothing can withstand me,
Whenever I do stoop,
From the warm heart of the housewife,
To the chicken in the coop ;
From the linen of the lady,
To the larder of the knight,
All come when I do conjure,
In the merry star-light!

I pay no tithes to parson,
Tho' I follow like his clerk ;
For he takes his tenths by daylight,
I take mine in the dark ;
I pay the king no window-tax ;
From some it may be right,
But all *I* do beneath the blue,
Is by merry star-light!

I roam from lane to common,
From city unto town,
And I tell a merry story,
To gentleman or clown :

Each gives me bed or victuals,
 Or ale that glitters bright,
 Or—I contrive to borrow them
 By merry star-light!

Oh, the tradesman he is rich, Sirs,
 The farmer well to pass,
 The soldier he's a lion,
 The alderman's an ass;
 The courtier he is subtle, Sirs,
 And the scholar he is bright;
 But who, like me, is ever free
 In the merry star-light?



LXXXV.—TO SOPHIE.

WILT thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun?
 Is it not a better thing
 With thy friends to laugh and sing?
 To be loved and sought?
 To be woo'd and—won?
 Dost thou love the shadow, Sophie,
 Better than the sun?
 I'm a poor lay-brother, Sophie;
 Yet, I this may say,—
 Thou had'st better bear with love,
 Than dwell here, a prison'd dove,
 Weeping life away.
 Oh!—*I'd* bear love's pangs, rather,
Fifty times a day!

LXXXVI.—BUILD UP A COLUMN TO BOLIVAR!

BUILD up a column to Bolivar!
Build it under a tropic star!
Build it high as his mounting fame!
Crown its head with his noble name!
Let the letters tell, like a light afar,
“ *This is the column of Bolivar!* ”

Soldier in war, in peace a man,
Did he not all that a hero can?
Wasting his life for his country's care,
Laying it down with a patriot prayer,
Shedding his blood like the summer rain,
Loving the land, though he loved in vain!

Man is a creature, good or ill,
Little or great, at his own strong will;
And *he* grew good, and wise, and great,
Albeit he fought with a tyrant fate,
And showered his golden gifts on men,
Who paid him in basest wrongs again!

Raise the column to Bolivar!
Firm in peace, and fierce in war!
Shout forth his noble, noble name!
Shout till his enemies die, in shame!
Shout till Columbia's woods awaken,
Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken,—

Till pity and praise, and great disdain,
Sound like an Indian hurricane !
Shout, as ye shout in conquering war,
While ye build the column to Bolivar !



LXXXVII.—THE FAREWELL OF THE SOLDIER.



I LOVE thee, I love thee,
Far better than wine,
But the curse is above me ;
Thou'lt never be mine !

As the blade wears the scabbard,
The billow the shore,
So sorrow doth fret me
For evermore.

Fair beauty, I leave thee,
To conquer my heart :
I'll see thee, I'll bless thee,
And then—depart.

Let me take, ere I vanish,
One look of thine eyes,—
One smile for remembrance,
For life soon flies !

—And now for the fortune,
That hangeth above ;
And to bury in battle,
My dream of love !

LXXXVIII.—THE NIGHT SHADE.

TREAD aside from my starry bloom!
I am the nurse, who feed the tomb
 (The tomb, my child)
 With dainties piled,
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild.

Trample not on a virgin flower!
I am the maid of the midnight hour;
 I bear sweet sleep,
 To those who weep,
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes!
I am the worm that the weary prize,
 The Nile's soft asp,
 That they strive to grasp,
And one that a queen has loved to clasp!

Pity me! I am she, whom man,
Hath hated since ever the world began;
 I soothe his brain,
 In the night of pain,
But at morning he waketh,—and all is vain!

LXXXIX.—TRUE LOVE.

Is't true the false poor beauty flies
 From thee? oh, 'tis well,—'tis right!
My love shall now adorn thine eyes,
 With brightness like the unclouded night!
 The poet sheds, on herb and flower,
 His fancies, till they breathe and shine,
 And shall *I*, in thy drooping hour,
 Neglect to hallow aught of *thine*?

*Love should flow along,
 Singing like a gentle river,
 Its saddest still its sweetest song,
 For ever,—for ever!*

Come to me,—dearer, fairer far,
 Than when men's smiles did round thee fawn!
 Look on me,—as the last pale star
 Looks round upon the glowing dawn!
 Yet, fly not! Stay, and smile, sweet heart,
 On whate'er chance may now befall;
My love, though every good depart,
 Shall make thee dear amends for all!

*True Love reigns on high,
 Like the constant stars, that quiver,
 And look bright from every sky,
 For ever,—for ever!*

XC.—THE SONG OF THE OUTCAST.

I WAS born on a winter's morn,
Welcomed to life with hate and scorn,
Torn from a famished mother's side,
Who left me here, with a laugh, and—died ;
Left me here, with the curse of life,
To be tossed about in the burning strife,
Linked to nothing, but shame and pain,
Echoing nothing, but man's disdain ;
O, that I might *again* be born,
With treble my strength of hate and scorn !

I was born by a sudden shock,—
Born by the blow of a ruffian sire,
Given to air, as the blasted rock
Gives out the reddening roaring fire.
My sire was stone ; but *my* dark blood
Ran its round like a fiery flood,
Rushing through every tingling vein,
And flaming ever at man's disdain ;
Ready to give back, night or morn,
Hate for hate, and scorn for scorn !

They cast me out, in my hungry need,
(A dog, whom none would own nor feed,)
Without a home, without a meal,
And bade me go forth—to slay and steal !

What wonder, God! had my hands been red
 With the blood of a host in secret shed!
 But no! I fought on the free sea-wave,
 And perilled my *life* for my plunder brave,
 And never yet shrank, in nerve or breath,
 But struck, as the pirate strikes,—to death!

—◆—

XCI.—TO A FLOWER.

—

DAWN, gentle flower,
 From the morning earth!
 We will gaze and wonder
 At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
 Lover of the light,
 Sought by wind and shower,
 Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
 All thy white leaves close;
 Having shewn thy beauty,
 Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
 In the silent sun!
 Soh,—all pangs are over,
 All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
 Though he soars so high;
 Thine is all man's story,
Live,—and love,—and die!

XCII.—FORBIDDEN LOVE.

I LOVE thee!—Oh, the strife, the pain,
 The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
 I love thee! Look,—again, again!
 O Stars! that thou couldst read my soul.
 I would thy bright bright eye could pierce
 The crimson folds that hide my heart,
 Then wouldst thou find the serpent fierce,
 That stings me,—and will *not* depart!

Look love upon me, with thine eyes!
 Yet, no,—men's evil tongues are nigh:
 Look pity, then, and with thy sighs
 Waste music on me—till I die!
 Yet,—love not! sigh not! Turn (thou *must*)
 Thy beauty from me, sweet and kind;
 'Tis fit that I should burn to dust,
 To death, because—I am not blind!

I love thee,—and I live! The moon
 Who sees me from her calm above,
 The Wind who weaves her dim soft tune
 About me, know how *much* I love!
 Nought else, save Night and the lonely Hour,
 E'er heard my passion wild and strong:
 Even *thou* yet deem'st not of thy power,
 Unless—thou read'st aright my song!

XCIII.—A BRIDAL DIRGE.

WEAVE no more the marriage chain!
 All unmated is the lover;
 Death has ta'en the place of Pain;
 Love doth call on love in vain:
 Life and years of hope are over!

No more want of marriage bell!
 No more need of bridal favour!
 Where is she to wear them well?
 You beside the lover tell!
 Gone—with all the love he gave her!

Paler than the stone she lies:
 Colder than the winter's morning!
 Wherefore did she thus despise
 (She with pity in her eyes)
 Mother's care, and lover's warning?

Youth and beauty—shall they not
 Last beyond a brief to-morrow?
 No: a prayer and then forgot!
 This the truest lover's lot;
 This the sun of human sorrow!

XCIV.—THE CONVICT'S FAREWELL.

A BOAT is rowed along the sea,
Full of souls as it may be ;
Their dress is coarse, their hair is shorn,
And every squalid face forlorn
Is full of sorrow, and hate, and scorn !
What is't?—It is the Convict Boat,
That o'er the waves is forced to float,
Bearing its wicked burden o'er
The ocean, to a distant shore :
Man scowls upon it ; but the sea
(The same with fettered as with free)
Danceth beneath it heedlessly !

Slowly the boat is borne along ;
Yet they who row are hard and strong,
And well their oars keep time,
To one who sings (and clanks his chain,
The better thus to hide his pain,)
A bitter, banished rhyme !
He sings : and all his mates in woe
Chaunt sullen chorus as they go !

SONG.

Row us on, a felon band,
 Farther out to sea,
 Till we lose all sight of land,
 And then—we shall be free!
 Row us on, and loose our fetters;
 Yeo! the boat makes way:
 Let's say "Good bye" unto our betters,
 And, hey for a brighter day!

CHORUS.

*Row us fast! Row us fast!
 Trial's o'er and sentence past:
 Here's a whistle for those who tried to blind us,
 And a curse on all we leave behind us!*

Farewell, juries,—jailors,—friends,
 (Traitors to the close!)
 Here the felon's danger ends.
 Farewell, bloody foes!
 Farewell, England! We are quitting
 Now thy dungeon doors:
 Take our blessing, as we're flitting,—
 "A curse upon thy shores!"

Farewell, England,—honest nurse
 Of all our wants and sins!

What to thee's the felon's curse?
What to thee who wins?
Murder thriveth in thy cities,
Famine through thine isle:
One may cause a dozen ditties,
But t'other scarce a smile.

Farewell, England,—tender soil,
Where babes who leave the breast,
From morning into midnight toil,
That pride may be proudly drest!
Where he who's right and he who swerveth
Meet at the goal the same;
Where no one hath what he deserveth,
Not even in empty fame!

So, fare thee well, our country dear!
Our last wish, ere we go,
Is—May your heart be never clear
From tax, nor tithe, nor woe!
May they who sow e'er reap for others,
The hundred for the one!
May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers
Each hate his Mother's son!

May pains and forms still fence the place
Where justice must be *bought*!
So he who's poor must hide his face,
And he who thinks—his thought!

May Might o'er Right be crowned the winner,
The head still o'er the heart,
And the Saint be still so like the Sinner,
You'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,
And your farmers when bread is low,
And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,
Learn more than your nobles know!
May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,
And your convicts all short throats,
And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang together,
And tempt ye with one pound notes!

And so,—with hunger in your jaws,
And peril within your breast,
And a bar of gold, to guard your laws,
For those who *pay* the best;
Farewell to England's woe and weal!
. . . For our betters, so bold and blythe,
May they never want, when they want a meal,
A Parson to take their Tithe!

XCV.—THE RHINE.

WE'VE sailed through banks of green,
 Where the wild waves fret and quiver,
 And we've down the Danube been,
 The dark deep thundering river !
 We've threaded the Elbe and Rhone,
 The Tyber and blood-dyed Seine,
 And have watched where the blue Garonne
 Goes laughing to meet the main :

*But what is so lovely, what is so grand,
 As the river that runs through Rhine-land ?*

On the Rhine-river were we born,
 Midst its flowers and famous wines,
 And we know that our country's morn,
 With a treble-sweet aspect shines.
 Let other lands boast their flowers,
 Let other men dream wild dreams,
 Let them hope they've a land like ours,
 And a stream, like our stream of streams :

*Yet, what is half so bright or so grand,
 As the river that runs through Rhine-land ?*

Are we smit by the blinding sun,
 That fell on our tender youth ?
 Do we coward-like shrink and shun
 The thought-telling touch of Truth ?

On our heads be the sin, then, set!
 We'll bear all the shame divine:
 But we'll never disown the debt,
 That we owe to our noble Rhine!

*O, the Rhine! the Rhine! the broad and the grand,
 Is the river that runs through Rhine-land!*

XCVI.—SWEET FRIEND, WHERE SLEEPS THY SONG?

SWEET friend! where sleeps thy song?
 Ah, wherefore hath it lain so long
 In idle slumbers?
 Quick thou, the ancient bondage break,
 And bid its dreaming soul awake,
 In airy numbers!

Bid it burst forth, like Spring,
 When first the youthful rivers sing,—
 The small bright river,
 That runneth laughing from the earth,
 And thinketh, in its new-born mirth,
 To live for ever!

Bid it come forth, like Spring,
 When brooks and trees their music bring,
 And fields their flowers;
 And we will hearken all, and hoard
 Thy sweet sweet thoughts, like riches stored,
 For after hours!

XCVII.—THE HIRLAS HORN.

FILL high, fill high the Hirlas horn,
 Rimmed with sunlight, like the morn!
 Deep, and vast, and fit to drown
 All the troubles of a crown;
 Deep, and vast, and crowned with mead,
 'Tis a cup for kings indeed,
 Full of courage, full of worth,
 Making man a god on earth!

*Warriors, Heroës, Cambrian-born,
 Drink,—from the Hirlas horn!*

Hide with foam the golden tip;
 Make it rich for a prince's lip!
 Here's to the fame of Roderick dead!
 Bards! why do your harps not shed
 Music? Come,—a mighty draught
 To dead Roderick's name be quaff'd!
 Tell us all the hero won,
 All he did, from sun to sun!

*Bards, and heroes, Cambrian-born,
 Drink,—from the Hirlas horn!*

Fill the horn to Madoc's name,
 First in the might race of fame,
 Eagle-hearted, eagle-eyed,
 All hearts shuddered when he died!
 Yet, why so? for Tudor rose
 Like a lion upon our foes;—

Like the wild storm-smitten ocean,
 When he puts his strength in motion!
*Come, brave Spirits, Cambrian-born,
 Drink,—from the Hirlas horn!*

Cambrian people—Cambrian mountains,
 Back into your wizard fountains
 (Where the Druid seers are dwelling)
 Shout unto the crown'd Llewelin!
 Patriot! Hero! Monarch! Friend!
 Wreathed with virtues without end!
 First of men 'tween Earth and Sky!
 The sword and the shield of Liberty!
*Drink, all Spirits, Cambrian-born,
 Drink to the good, great, crown'd Llewelin!
 Drink,—from the Hirlas horn!*



XCVIII.—COME! LET US GO TO THE LAND.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIGNOR VERINI.

COME,—let us go to the land
 Where the violets grow!
 Let's go thither, hand in hand,
 Over the waters, over the snow,
 To the land where the sweet sweet violets blow!

There,—in the beautiful South,
 Where the sweet flowers lie,
 Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
 Under the light of the evening sky,
 That Love never fades, though violets die!

XCIX.—THE LEVELLER.

THE king he reigns on a throne of gold,
 Fenced round by his 'power divine ;'
 The baron he sits in his castle old,
 Drinking his ripe red wine :
 But below, below, in his ragged coat,
 The beggar he tuneth a hungry note
 And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
 And the debtor lies down with an aching head.

*So the world goes !
 So the stream flows !
 Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,
 Who maketh all free
 On land and sea,
 And forceth the rich like the poor to flee !*

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
 And dreams of her pearled pride ;
 The milkmaid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,
 Sad songs on the cold hill-side :
 And the Saint he leaves (while he prattles of faith)
 Good deeds to the sinner, as scandal saith,
 And the scholar he bows to the face of brass,
 And the wise man he worships the golden ass !

So the world goes, &c.

C.—THE SECRET OF SINGING.

LADY, sing no more!
Science all is vain,
Till the heart be touched, lady,
And give forth its pain.

'Tis a hidden lyre,
Cherished near the sun,
O'er whose witching wire, lady,
Faery fingers run.

Pity comes in tears,
From her home above,
Hope, and sometimes Fears, lady,
And the wizard,—Love!

Each doth search the heart,
To its inmost springs,
And when they depart, lady,
Then the Spirit sings!

END OF PART THE SECOND.

SONGS, &c.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PART THE THIRD.

CI.—THE FIGHT OF RAVENNA.

HE is bound for the wars,
He is armed for the fight,
With lion-like sinews,
And the heart of a knight ;
All hidden in steel,
Like the sun in a cloud,
And he calls for his charger,
Who neigheth aloud ;

And he calls for his page,
 Who comes forth like the light ;
 And they mount and ride off,
 For the Brescian fight.

Count Gaston de Foix
 Is the heir of Narbonne,
 But his page is an orphan,
 Known,—link'd unto none ;
 The master is young,
 But as bold as the blast ;
 The servant all tender,—
Too tender to last ;
 A bud that was born
 For the summer-soft skies,
 But, left to wild winter,
 Unfoldeth, and dies!

“ Come forward, my young one,
 Ride on by my side ;
 What, child, wilt thou quell
 The Castilian pride ? ”
 Thus speaks the gay soldier,
 His heart in his smile,
 But his page blushes deep,—
 Was it anger?—the while.
 Was it anger? Ah, no:
 For the tender dark eye,
 Saith—‘ Master, for thee
 I will live, I will die !

They speed to the field,
Storm-swift in their flight,
And Brescia falleth,
Like fruit in a blight;
Scarce a blow for a battle,
A shout for her fame;
All's lost,—given up
To the sound of a name!
But Ravenna hath soldiers,
Whose hearts are more bold,
Whose wine is all Spanish,
Whose pay is all gold.

So he turns, with a laugh
Of contempt for his foe,
And now girdeth his sword,
For a weightier blow.
Strait forward he rideth
'Till night's in the sky,
When the page and the master
Together must lie.
Where loiters the page?
Ha! he hangeth his head,
And with forehead like fire
He shunneth the bed.

“ Now rest thee, my weary one;
Drown thee in sleep!
The great sun himself
Lieth down in the deep;

The beast on his pasture,
 The bird on his bough,
 The lord and the servant
 Are slumberers now."
 "I am wont," sighed the page,
 "A long watching to keep;
 But my lord shall lie down
 While I charm him to sleep."

Soon (cased in his armour)
 Down lieth the knight,
 And the page he is tuning
 His cittern aright;
 At last, through a voice
 That is tender and low,
 The melody mourns
 Like a stream at its flow,—
 Sad, gentle, uncertain,
 As the life of a dream;
 And thus the page singeth,
 With love for his theme:—

SONG.

1.

THERE lived a lady, long ago;
 Her heart was sad and dark,—ah, me!
 Dark with a single secret woe,
 That none could ever see!

2.

She left her home, she lost her pride,
Forgot the jeering world,—ah, me!
And followed a knight, and fought, and died,
All for the love of—chivalry!

3.

She died,—and when in her last dull sleep,
She lay all pale and cold,—ah, me!
They read of a love as wild and deep
As the dark deep sea!

The song's at an end!
But the singer, so young,
Still weeps at the music
That fell from his tongue:
His hands are enclasped;
His cheeks are on fire;
And his black locks, unloosened,
Lie mixed with the wire:
But his lord—*he* reposes
As calm as the night,
Until dawn cometh forth
With her summons of light:

Then—onwards they ride
Under clouds of the vine;
Now silent, now singing
Old stories divine;
Now resting awhile,
Near the cool of a stream,

Now wild for the battle ;
 Now lost in a dream :
 At last—they are threading
 The forest of pines,
 And Ravenna beleaguer'd
 By chivalry shines !

* * *

Ravenna ! Ravenna !
 Now ' God for the right !'
 For the Gaul and the Spaniard
 Are full in the fight.
 French squadrons are charging,
 Some conquer, some reel ;
 Wild trumpets are braying
 Aloud for Castile !
 Each cannon that roareth
 Bears blood on its sound,
 And the dead and the dying
 Lie thick on the ground.
 Now shrieks are the music
 That's borne on the gust,
 And the groan of the war-horse
 Who dies in the dust :
 Now Spaniards are cheered
 By the ' honour' they love ;
 Now France by the flower
 That bloometh above ;
 And, indeed, o'er the riot,
 The steam, and the cloud,
Still the Oriflamme floateth,—
 The pride of the proud !

What ho ! for king Louis!
What ho! for Narbonne!
Come soldiers! 'tis Gaston
Who leadeth ye on!
'Tis Gaston, your brother,
Who waveth his hand;
Who fights, as *ye* fight,
For the vine-covered land!
'Tis Gaston,—'tis Gaston,
The last of his name,
Who fights for sweet France,
And will die for her fame!

' Come forward! Come'—Ha!
What is doing? He stops!
Why? why? By Saint Denis!
He staggers,—he drops!
'Twas something—'twas nothing—
A shot and a sound;
Yet the ever-bright hero
Lies low on the ground!
He loseth his eye-sight—
He loseth his breath—
He smiles—Ah! his beauty
Is darkened by death!

No pause—not an instant—
For wailing or woe!
For the battle still rageth;
Still fighteth the foe;

Again roar the cannon—
 Again flies the ball—
 And the heart of the Spaniard
 Spouts blood on the Gaul!
 Strong armour is riven,
 Proud courage laid low,
 And Frenchmen and foemen
 Are dead at a blow!

Oh, the bellowing thunders!
 The shudders—the shocks!
 When thousands 'gainst thousands
 Come clashing like rocks!
 When the rain is all scarlet,
 And clouds are half fire,
 And men's sinews are snapped
 Like the threads of a lyre!
 When each litter's a hearse,
 And each bullet a knell,—
 When each breath is a curse,
 And each bosom—a hell!

* * *

Mourn, Soldiers,—he's dead!
 The last heir of Narbonne!
 The bravest—the best!
 But the battle is won!
 The Spaniards have flown,
 To their fosse-cover'd tent;

And the victors are left,
 To rejoice and lament !
 They still have proud leaders,
 Still chivalry brave ;
 But the *first* of their heroes
 Lies dumb in the grave !

They bear him in honour ;
 They laurel his head ;
 But, who meets the pale burthen,
 And drops by the dead ?
 The Page ?—no,—the WOMAN !
 Who followed her love,
 And who'll follow him still
 (If it *may* be)—above ;
 Who'll watch him, and tend him,
 On earth, or in sky ;
 Who was ready to live for him,—
 Ready to die !

... A month has flown by,
 On the wings of the year ;
 And a train of sad maidens
 Droop after a bier ;
 No crown on the coffin—
 No name on the lid—
 Yet the flow'r of all Provence
 Within it is hid !
Blanche—Countess,—and heiress—
 Who loved like the sun,
 Lies, at last, by the side
 Of the heir of Narbonne !

. . . Oh, Courage! dost *always*
 Pay blood for a name?
 True Love! must thou *ever-more*
 Die for thy fame?
 'Twere sweet—could it be—
 That the lover should dwell
 In the bosom (a heaven!)
 He loveth so well:
 But, if *not*—why then, Death,
 Be thou just to his worth,
 And sweep him at once
 From the scorn of the earth!



CII.—THE FIRE FLY.



TELL us, O Guide! by what strange natural laws
 This winged flower throws out, night after night,
 Such lunar brightness? *Why*,—for what grave cause
 Is this earth-insect crown'd with heavenly light?
 Peace! Rest content! See where, by cliff and dell,
 Past tangled forest paths and silent river,
 The little lustrous creature guides us well,
 And where we fail, his small light aids us ever.

Night's shining servant! Pretty star of earth!
 I ask not why thy lamp doth ever burn.
 Perhaps it is thy very life,—thy mind;
 And thou, if robbed of that strange right of birth,
 Might be no more than Man,—when Death doth turn
 His beauty into darkness, cold and blind!

CIII.—THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known ;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within !
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float !
Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins,—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself !

He, who hath no peer,—was born
Here, upon a red March morn :
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,

And the last of that great line,
 Trod like one of a race divine!
 And yet,—he was but friend to one,
 Who fed him at the set of sun,
 By some lone fountain fringed with green:
 With *him*, a roving Bedouin,
 He lived,—(none else would he obey
 Through all the hot Arabian day,)—
 And died untamed upon the sands
 Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!



CIV.—HIDDEN THOUGHTS.



SOME joys we loudly tell;
 Some thoughts we keep apart,
 Fenced round, and bid them dwell
 In inmost heart.

Close in that heart (their den)
 The tiger passions sleep:
 There too, shut out from men,
 Resolve lies deep.

There dreams repose,—so fair,
 So frail, that but to sigh
 Their names unto the air,
 Would force them die.

These give, like violets hid,
 A perfume to the mind,—
 Give sight, as once they did,
 To poet blind!

CV.—AN EPISTLE TO CHARLES LAMB,
ON HIS EMANCIPATION FROM CLERKSHIP.

(WRITTEN OVER A FLASK OF SHERRIS).

DEAR LAMB, I drink to thee,—to *thee*
Married to sweet Liberty!

What! old friend, and art thou freed
From the bondage of the pen?
Free from care and toil indeed?
Free to wander amongst men
When and howso'er thou wilt?
All thy drops of labour spilt,
On those huge and figured pages,
Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,
Little knowing who did wield
The quill that traversed their white field?

Come,—another mighty health!
Thou hast earn'd thy sum of wealth,—
Countless ease,—immortal leisure,—
Days and nights of boundless pleasure,
Checquer'd by no dream of pain,
Such as hangs on clerk-like brain

Like a night-mare, and doth press
The happy soul from happiness.

Oh! happy thou,—whose all of time
(Day and eve, and morning prime)
Is fill'd with talk on pleasant themes,—
Or visions quaint, which come in dreams
Such as panther'd Bacchus rules,
When his rod is on "the schools,"
Mixing wisdom with their wine;—
Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine
Strayeth in some elder book,
Whereon our modern Solons look
With severe ungifted eyes,
Wondering what thou seest to prize.
Happy thou, whose skill can take
Pleasure at each turn, and slake
Thy thirst by every fountain's brink,
Where less wise men would pause to shrink :
Sometimes, 'mid stately avenues
With Cowley thou, or Marvel's muse,
Dost walk ; or Gray, by Eton towers ;
Or Pope, in Hampton's chestnut bowers ;
Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream :
Or dost thou with our Milton dream,
Of Eden and the Apocalypse,
And hear the words from his great lips ?

Speak,—in what grove or hazel shade,
For "musing meditation made,"

Dost wander?—or on Penshurst lawn,
Where Sidney's fame had time to dawn
And die, ere yet the hate of Men
Could envy at his perfect pen?
Or, dost thou, in some London street,
(With voices fill'd and thronging feet,)
Loiter, with mien 'twixt grave and gay—
Or take, along some pathway sweet,
Thy calm suburban way?

Happy beyond that man of Ross,
Whom mere content could ne'er engross,
Art thou,—with hope, health, “learned leisure,”
Friends, books, thy thoughts, an endless pleasure!
—Yet—yet,—(for when was pleasure made
Sunshine all without a shade?)
Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest
Through the busy scenes thou lovest,
With an Idler's careless look,
Turning some moth-pierced book,
Feel'st a sharp and sudden woe
For visions vanished long ago!
And then, thou think'st how time has fled
Over thy unsilvered head,
Snatching many a fellow mind
Away, and leaving—what?—behind!
Nought, alas! save joy and pain
Mingled ever, like a strain
Of music where the discords vie
With the truer harmony.

So, perhaps, with thee the vein
Is sullied ever,—so the chain
Of habits and affections old,
Like a weight of solid gold,
Presseth on thy gentle breast,
Till sorrow rob thee of thy rest.

Ay: so't must be!—Ev'n I, (whose lot
The fairy Love so long forgot,)
Seated beside this Sherris wine,
And near to books and shapes divine,
Which poets, and the painters past
Have wrought in lines that aye shall last,—
Ev'n I, with Shakspeare's self beside me,
And one whose tender talk can guide me
Through fears, and pains, and troublous themes,
Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
Like sunshine on a stormy sea,—
Want *something*—when I think of thee!

CVI.—SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

SIT down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying :
Come,—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing !
How many smiles?—a score ?
Then laugh, and count no more ;
For day is dying !

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure ;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure !

We dream : do thou the same :
We love—for ever ;
We laugh ; yet few we shame,
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies ;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever !

CVII.—A CHAMBER SCENE.

TREAD softly through these amorous rooms ;
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife,
Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes !
From Afric, and the Persian looms,
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven, in its blue bounty, flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms.

Tread softly ! By a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,
His red lip's open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals ;
And Passion fills the arched halls ;
And Beauty floats upon the air.

Tread softly—softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
Oh, look !—for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair Spirits of the heart and mind ;
Alas ! that one should stray from truth ;
And one—be ever, ever, blind !

CVIII.—COURAGE.

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land ;
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty !
Oh ! no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land !

Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good ;
Armed with all their fathers' fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the Gods of old Greek story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage!—There is none so poor,
(None of all who wrong endure),
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek ;
And his Maiden's, dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.

Be his days as dark as night,
 He may make himself a light.
 What! though sunken be the sun,
 There are stars when day is done!

Courage!—Who will be a slave,
 That hath strength to dig a grave,
 And therein his fetters hide,
 And lay a tyrant by his side?
 Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
 For a time, can *never* die!
 Courage, therefore, brother men!
 Cry “*God!* and to the fight again!”



CIX.—THE FISHERMAN.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. LEE.



A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
 Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
 O'er the wild waters labouring, far from home,
 For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam.
 Few hearts to cheer him through his dangerous life,
 And none to aid him in the stormy strife.
 Companion of the sea and silent air,
 The lonely fisher thus must ever fare:
 Without the comfort, hope,—with scarce a friend,
 He looks through life, and only sees—its end!

CX.—THE PAUPER'S JUBILEE.

HURRAH! Who was e'er so gay,
As we merry folks to-day?
Brother Beggars, do not stare,
But toss your rags into the air,
And cry, "No work, and better fare!"
Each man, be he saint or sinner,
Shall to-day have—MEAT for *Dinner*!!!

Yesterday, oh, Yesterday!
That indeed was a bad day;
Iron bread, and rascal gruel,
Water drink, and scanty fuel,
With the beadle at our backs,
Cursing us as we beat flax,
Just like twelve Old Bailey varlets,
Amongst ochre-picking harlots!

Why should we such things endure?
Though we be the parish Poor,
This is usage bad and rough.
Are not age and pain enough?
Lonely age, unpitied pain?
With the Ban that, like a chain,

To our prison bare hath bound us,
And the unwelcomed Winter round us ?

Why should we for ever work?
Do we starve beneath the Turk,
That, with one foot in the grave,
We should still toil like the slave?
Seventy winters on our heads,
Yet we freeze on wooden beds !
With one blanket for a fold,
That lets in the horrid cold,
And cramps and agues manifold !

Yet,—sometimes we're merry people,
When the chimes clang in the steeple :
If 't be summer-time, we all
(Dropsied, palsied, crippled,) crawl
Underneath the sunny wall :
Up and down like worms we creep,
Or stand still and fall asleep,
With our faces in the sun,
Forgetting all the world has done !

If 't be May, with hawthorn blooms
In our breasts, we sit on tombs,
And spell o'er, with eager ken,
The epitaphs of *older* men,
(Choosing those, for some strange reasons,
Who've weather'd ninety,—a hundred seasons,)

Till forth at last we shout in chorus,
“ We’ve thirty good years *still* before us ! ”

But, to-day’s a bonny day !
What shall we be doing ?
What’s the use of saving money,
When rivers flow with milk and honey ?
Prudence is our ruin.
What have we to do with care ?
Who, to be a pauper’s heir,
Would mask his false face in a smile,
Or hide his honest hate in guile ?

But come,—why do we loiter here ?
Boy, go get us some small beer :
Quick ! ’twill make our blood run quicker,
And drown the devil Pain in liquor !
March so fierce is almost past,
April will be here at last,
And May must come,
When bees do hum,
And Summer over cold victorious !
Hurrah ! ’Tis a prospect glorious !
Meat ! Small Beer ! and Warmer Weather !
Come boys, —let’s be mad together !

CXI.—THE FALCON.

AFTER A PAINTING BY TITIAN.

THE Falcon is a noble bird,
 And when his heart of hearts is stirred,
 He'll seek the eagle, though he run
 Into his chamber near the sun.
 Never was there brute or bird,
 Whom the woods or mountains heard,
 That could force a fear or care
 From him,—the Arab of the air!

To-day he sits upon a wrist,
 Whose purple veins a queen has kissed,
 And on him falls a sterner eye
 Than he can face where'er he fly,
 Though he scale the summit cold
 Of the Grimsel, vast and old,—
 Though he search yon sunless stream,
 That threads the forest like a dream.

Ah, noble Soldier! noble Bird!
 Will your names be ever heard,—
 Ever seen in future story,
 Crowning it with deathless glory?
 —Peace, ho!—the master's eye is drawn
 Away unto the bursting dawn!
 Arise, thou bird of birds, arise,
 And seek thy quarry in the skies!

CXII.—THE PAST.

THIS common field, this little brook—

What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,

Oftener than on the heavens blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

'Tis thirty—*can't* be thirty years,

Since last I stood upon this plank,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watch'd the pebbles as they sank?
How white the stream! I still remember
Its margin glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow:
Ah! *can* it be so long ago?

It cometh back;—So blythe, so bright,

It hurries to my eager ken,
As though but one short winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.
It is the same clear dazzling scene;—
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so *plainly* say—"Rejoice."

Yet Nature surely never ranges,
 Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown ;
 But, ever joyful, merely changes
 The primrose for the thistle-down.
 'Tis *we* alone who, waxing old,
 Look on her with an aspect cold,
 Dissolve her in our burning tears,
 Or clothe her with the mists of years !

Then, why should not the grass be green ?
 And why should not the river's song
 Be merry,—as they both have been
 When I was here an urchin strong ?
 Ah, true—too true ! I *see* the sun
 Through thirty winter years hath run,
 For grave eyes, mirrored in the brook,
 Usurp the urchin's laughing look !

So be it ! I have lost,—and won !
 For, once, the past was poor to me,—
 The future dim ; and though the sun
 Shed life and strength, and I was free,
 I *felt* not—*knew* no grateful pleasure :
 All seemed but as the common measure :
 But now—the experienced Spirit old
 Turns all the leaden past to gold !

CXIII.—SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

COME here, come here, and dwell
In forest deep!
Come here, come here, and tell
Why thou dost weep!
Is it for love (sweet pain!)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Amongst our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie
By whispering stream!
Here no one dares to die
For Love's sweet dream;
But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh—alway!

Or else, through half the year,
On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
While sky-larks pour
Their songs into the sun!
And, when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn,
And dream—till morn!

CXIV.—THE SONG OF A FELON'S WIFE.

THE brand is on thy brow,
A dark and guilty spot;
Tis ne'er to be erased!
Tis ne'er to be forgot!

The brand is on thy brow!
Yet *I* must shade the spot:
For who will love thee now,
If *I* love thee not?

Thy soul is dark,—is stained,—
From out the bright world thrown;
By God and man disdained,
But not by *me*,—thy own!

Oh! even the tiger slain
Hath *one* who ne'er doth flee,
Who soothes his dying pain!
—That one am I to thee!

CXV.—TO THE SINGER PASTA.

NEVER till now—never till now, O, Queen
 And Wonder of the enchanted world of sound!
 Never till now was such bright creature seen,
 Startling to transport all the regions round!
 Whence com'st thou—with those eyes and that fine mien,
 Thou sweet, sweet singer?—Like an angel found
 Mourning alone, thou seem'st (thy mates all fled)
 A star 'mongst clouds,—a spirit 'midst the dead.

Melodious thoughts hang round thee! Sorrow sings
 Perpetual sweetness near,—divine despair!
 Thou speak'st,—and Music, with her thousand strings,
 Gives golden answers from the haunted air!
 Thou mov'st—and round thee Grace her beauty flings!
 Thou look'st—and Love is born! O, songstress rare!
 Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
 In those resistless tones,—in those dark eyes?

Oh, I have lived—how long!—with one deep treasure,
 One fountain of delight unlocked, unknown;
 But *thou*, the prophetess of my new pleasure,
 Hast come at last, and struck my heart of stone;
 And now outgushes, without stint or measure,
 The endless rapture,—and in places lone

I shout it to the stars and winds that flee,
And *then* I think on all I owe to thee !

I see thee at all hours—beneath all skies—
In every shape thou tak'st, or passionate path :
Now art thou like some winged thing that cries
Over a city flaming fast to death :
Now, in thy voice, the mad Medea dies :
Now Desdemona yields her gentle breath :—
All things thou art by turns,—from wrath to love ;
From the queen eagle to the vestal dove !

Horror is stern and strong, and Death (unmasked
In slow pale silence, or 'mid brief eclipse) ;
But what are they to *thy* sweet strength, when tasked
To its height—with all the God upon thy lips ?
Not even the cloudless days and riches, asked
By one who in the book of darkness dips,
Vies with that radiant wealth which *they* inherit
Who own, like thee, the Muse's deathless spirit.

Would I could crown thee as a king can crown !
Yet, what are kingly gifts to thy fair fame,
Whose echoes shall all vulgarer triumphs drown,—
Whose light shall darken every meaner name ?
The gallant courts thee for his own renown ;
Mimicking thee, he plays love's pleasant game :
The critic brings thee praise, which all rehearse ;
And I—alas!—I can but bring my verse !

CXVI.—FULLER'S BIRD.

"I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself."---*Fuller's Worthies.*

THE wild-wing'd creature, clad in gore,
 (His bloody human meal being o'er),
 Comes down to the water's brink :
 'Tis the first time he there hath gazed,
 And straight he shrinks—alarm'd,—amazed,
 And dares not drink.

"Have I till now," he sadly said,
 "Preyed on my brother's blood, and made
 His flesh my meal to-day?"—
 Once more he glances in the brook,
 And once more sees his victim's look;
 Then turns away.

With such sharp pain as human hearts
 May feel, the drooping thing departs
 Unto the dark wild wood ;
 And, where the place is thick with weeds,
 He hideth his remorse, and feeds
 No more on blood.

And in that weedy brake he lies,
 And pines, and pines, until he dies ;
 And, when all's o'er,—

What follows?—Nought! his brothers slake
 Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
 Fierce as before!

—So Fable flows!—But would you find
 Its moral wrought in human kind,
 Its tale made worse;
 Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
 And forehead read “*The Harpy’s*” name;
 But no remorse!



CXVII.—THE SEA,—IN CALM.



Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
 Upon us!—Mark! how still (as though in dreams
 Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems!
 How silent are the winds! No billow roars:
 But all is tranquil as Elysian shores!
 The silver margin which aye runneth round
 The moon enchanted-sea, hath here no sound:
 Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!

What! is the Giant of the ocean dead,
 Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun?
 No; he reposes! Now his toils are done,
 More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.
 So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
 And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

CXVIII.—A HYMN OF EVIL SPIRITS.

THE Moon is shining on her way,
The planets, yet undimm'd by sleep,
Drink light from the far-flaming day,
Who still is hid beyond the deep:
But *here* both men and Spirits weep,
And Earth all mourneth unto air,
Because there liveth nothing fair,
Nor great, save on the azure steep.

And on that hill of Heaven, none
Of human strength or thought may climb;
For there bright Angels lie alone,
Reposing since the birth of Time.
They bask beneath HIS looks sublime;
But nought of ease or hope is here,
Where sleep is linked to dreams of fear,
And error to the pains of crime.

The Moon is come,—but she shall go:
The stars are in their azure nest;
The jaded wind shall cease to blow;
But when shall WE have hope or rest?
Now some are sad, and some are bless'd;
But what to us is smile or sigh?
Though Peace, the white-wing'd dove, be nigh,
It ne'er must be the Spirit's guest!

Behold! The young and glistening Hour
 Comes riding through the gate of morn,
 And we awhile must quit our power,
 And vanish from a world we scorn.
 Look! Flattering sin begins to dawn
 From man's false lips and woman's eyes,
 And hopes and hearts are racked and torn
 In God's green earthly paradise!



CXIX.—SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.



SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle Death!
 Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
 She hath seen her happy day:
 She hath had her bud and blossom:
 Now she pales and shrinks away,
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear!
 Bear her perfect soul above,
 Seraph of the skies,—sweet Love!
 Good she was, and fair in youth,
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth:
 Take her, then, for evermore,—
 For ever—evermore!

CXX.—A THOUGHT ON A RIVULET.

Look at this brook, so blithe, so free!
Thus hath it been, fair boy, for ever—
A shining, dancing, babbling river;
And thus 'twill ever be.
T'will run, from mountain to the main,
With just the same sweet babbling voice
That now sings out, " Rejoice—rejoice!"
Perhaps, 'twill be a chain
That will a thousand years remain—
Ay, through all times and changes last,
And link the present to the past.
Perhaps upon this self-same spot,
Hereafter, may a merry knot
(My children's children!) meet and play,
And think on *me*, some summer day;
And smile (perhaps through youth's brief tears,
While thinking back through wastes of years,)
And softly say—
" 'Twas here the old man used to stray,
And gaze upon the sky; and dream
(Long, long ago!) by this same stream.
He's in his grave! Ungentle Time
Hath dealt but harshly with his rhyme;
But *We* will ne'er forget, that he
Taught us to love this river free."

CXXI.—I LOVED HER WHEN SHE LOOKED FROM ME.

I LOVED her when she looked from me,
And hid her stifled sighs :
I loved her too when she did smile
With shy and downcast eyes,
The light within them rounding " like
The young moon in its rise."

I loved her!—Dost thou love no more,
Now she from thee is flown,
To some far distant—distant shore,
Unfetter'd, and alone?
Peace, peace! I know her: She will come
Again, and be mine own.

A kiss—a sigh—a little word
We changed, when we did part;
No more; yet read I in her eyes
The promise of her heart;
And Hope (who from all others flies)
From *me* will ne'er depart.

So here I live—a lover lone,
Contented with my state,
More sure of love, if she return,
Than others are of hate:
And if she die?—I too can die,
Content still with my fate.

CXXII.—A STORM.

THE Spirits of the mighty Sea,
To-night are 'wakened from their dreams,
And upwards to the tempest flee,
Baring their foreheads where the gleams
Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
Rushing and raining through the sky!

The Spirits of the sea are waging
Loud war upon the peaceful Night,
And bands of the black winds are raging
Thorough the tempest blue and bright;
Blowing her cloudy hair to dust
With kisses, like a madman's lust!

What Ghost now, like an Até, walketh
Earth,—ocean,—air? and aye with Time,
Mingled, as with a lover talketh?
Methinks their colloquy sublime
Draws anger from the sky, which raves
Over the self-abandon'd waves!

Behold! like millions mass'd in battle,
The trembling billows headlong go,
Lashing the barren deeps, which rattle
In mighty transport till they grow

All fruitful in their rocky home,
And burst from frenzy into foam.

And, look! where on the faithless billows
Lie women, and men, and children fair;
Some hanging, like sleep, to their swollen pillows,
With helpless sinews and streaming hair,
And some who plunge in the yawning graves!
Ah! lives there no strength beyond the waves?

'Tis said, the Moon can rock the Sea
From frenzy strange, to silence mild,—
To sleep,—to death:—But where is *She*,
While now her storm-born giant child
Upheaves his shoulder to the skies?
Arise, sweet planet pale,—Arise!

She cometh,—lovelier than the dawn
In summer, when the leaves are green,
More graceful than the alarmed fawn,
Over his grassy supper seen:
Bright quiet from her beauty falls,
Until—again the tempest calls!

The supernatural Storm,—he 'waketh
Again, and lo! from sheets all white,
Stands up unto the stars, and shaketh
Scorn on the jewell'd locks of Night.
He carries a ship on his foaming crown,
And a cry, like Hell, as he rushes down!

And so still soars from calm to storm,
 The stature of the unresting Sea :—
 So doth desire or wrath deform
 Our else calm humanity,—
 Until at last we sleep,
 And never 'wake nor weep ;
 (Hush'd to death, by some faint tune,)
 In our grave beneath the Moon !



CXXIII.—PARENTS' LOVE.



YOUNG Love ! what have thy dreams above,
 Thy hope, thy gladness, thy despair,
 That with the *parent's* painful love
 May dare compare ?

Thy hopes are like the misty cloud ;
 Thy gladness like the shrinking stream ;
 Thy loud despair all over-loud ;
 Thy life—a dream !

But deeper than the unfathomed Main,
 The parent's voiceless love e'er lies ;
 And oh ! the dread, the *death*, the pain,
 When all hope dies !

CXXIV.—THE VAIN REGRET.

OH! had I nursed, when I was young,
 The lessons of my father's tongue,
 (The deep laborious thoughts he drew,
 From all he saw and others knew,)
 I might have been—ah, me!
 Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.

For what saith Time?

Alas! he only shews the truth
 Of all that I was told in youth!

The thoughts now budding in my brain,—
 The wisdom I have bought with pain,—
 The knowledge of life's brevity,—
 Frail friendship,—false philosophy,
 And all that issues out of woe,
 Methinks, were taught me long ago!

Then what says Time?

Alas! he but brings back the truth
 Of all I heard, (and lost!) in youth.

Truths!—hardly learned and lately brought
 From many a far forgotten scene!
 Had I but listened, as I ought,
 To your voices, sage,—serene,
 Oh! what might I not have been
 In the realms of thought!

CXXV.—THE VIOLET.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves, from white to jet ;
All the sweet words that Summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the Violet !

I love, how *much* I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the South-wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat ;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the Violet !

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere Winter's star has set :
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as Angels give, unseen,
So, love—the Violet !

What modest thoughts the Violet teaches,
What gracious boons the Violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget !
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
' *Long live the Violet !* '

CXXVI.—BEAUTY.

PAINTERS—Poets—who can tell
 What Beauty is—bright miracle?
 Sometimes brown and sometimes white,
 She shifts from darkness into light,
 Swimming on with such fine ease,
 That we miss her small degrees,
 Knowing not that she hath ranged,
 Till we find her sweetly changed.

They are poets false who say
 That Beauty must be fair as day,
 And that the rich red rose,
 On her cheek for ever glows,
 Or that the cold white lily lieth
 On her breast, and never flieth.
 Beauty is not so unkind,
 Not so niggard, not so blind,
 As yield her favour but to one,
 When she may walk unconfined,
 Associate with the unfettered Wind,
 And wander with the Sun.
 No; she spreads her gifts, her grace,
 O'er every colour, every face.
 She can laugh, and she can breathe
 Freely where she will,—beneath
 Polar darkness, tropic star,
 Impoverish'd Delhi, dark Bahár,
 And all the regions bright and far,
 Where India's sweet-voiced women are!

CXXVII.—SYBILLA.

SYBILLA! Dost thou love?
 Oh, swear! Oh, swear!
 By those stedfast stars above!
 By this pure sweet air!
 By all things true, and deep, and fair!
 By hearts made rich with love,
 Made wise by care!

Sybilla! I love *thee* :
 I swear, I swear,—
 By all bright things that be!
 By thyself, my fair!
 By thine eyes, and motions free!
 By thy *sting*, thou honey-bee!
 By thy angel thoughts that flee
 Singing through the golden air,
 I swear, I swear!

Sybilla! dost thou frown?
 Beware, beware!
 If scorn thy beauty crown,
 I fly,—yet where?
 Why are thine eyes withdrawn?
 Why dost thou turn, thou fawn?
 Look on me, like the dawn
 On weeping air!
 She smiles—Oh, Beauty bless'd,
 Take,—take me to thy breast,
 And cure all care!

CXXVIII.—A MIDSUMMER FANCY.

COME hither! Let thou and I
 Mount on the dolphin, Pleasure,
 And dive through the azure air!
 Would't not be fine—would't not be rare
 To live in that sweet, sweet sea, the air—
 That ocean which hath no measure,
 No peril, no rocky shore,
 (But only its airy, airy streams,
 And its singing stars, and its orb'd dreams,)
 For ever and evermore!

Of its wild and its changing weather
 What matter—how foul or fair?
 We will ever be found together;
 Ah! then, sweet Love, what care,
 Whether we haunt on the earth or air?
 In ocean or inland stream?
 Or are lost in some endless, endless dream?
 Or are bodiless made, like the tender sprite
 Of Love, who watch'd me but yesternight,
 With moon-flowers white on her whiter brow,
 And smiled and sighed,
 In her sad sweet pride,
 As *Thou*, fair girl! dost now.

CXXIX.—PAST AND PRESENT.

IN earlier days, in happier hours,
I watched and wandered with the Sun :
 I saw him when the East was red ;
 I saw him when the day was dead,—
All his earthly journey done !
Looks of love were in the West,
But he passed,—and took no rest !

O'er the immeasurable blue,
Across the rain, amid the blast,
 Onwards and onwards, like a God,
 Through the trackless air he trod,
Scattering bounties as he passed
By the portals of the West,—
And never shut his eyes in rest !

Oh, how—in those too happy hours—
How deeply then did I adore
 The bright unwearied sleepless Sun,
 And wish, just thus, my course to run—
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright,
Thus undisturbed by rest or night.

But *now*,—since I have heard and seen
 The many cares that trouble life,
 The evil that requiteth good,
 The benefits not understood,
 Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
 The hate, the lie, the bitter jest,
 I feel how sweet are night and rest!

And, oh! what morning ever look'd
 So lovely as the quiet eve,
 When low and fragrant winds arise,
 And draw the curtains of the skies,
 And gentle songs of summer weave ;—
 Such as between the alders creep,
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep!



CXXX.—WILT THOU GO?



WILT thou go? Thou'lt come again?
 Swear it, Love, by love's sweet pain!
 Swear it, by the stars that glisten
 In thy brow as thou dost listen!
 Swear it, by the love-sick air,
 Wandering, murmuring, here and there,
 Seeking for some tender nest,
 Yet, like thee, can never rest.
 Swear!—and I shall safer be
 Amidst love's sweet mutiny!

CXXXI.—ON SOME HUMAN BONES, FOUND ON A HEADLAND
IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

VAGUE Mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The Fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath—have been, and left no traces!
They came,—and fled;—but whither? Who can tell?

We know but that they *were*,—that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,
And perished where these river waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,—
Cold winter, and the sharp night winds, that boom
Like Spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, tis *said*, their proud unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore:
Yet nought beside the rocks and worn sea-stones,
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride:
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But *these*,—they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the affrighted earth;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor whence their birth!

CXXXII.—AN IRISH SONG.

AIR---KATHLEEN O' MORR..

HE is gone to the wars, and has left me alone,
 The poor Irish soldier, unfriended, unknown,
 My husband, my Patrick,
 The bird of my bosom,—though now he is flown!
 How I mourned for the boy! yet I murmured the more,
 'Cause we once were so happy in darlin' Lismore,
 Poor Ellen and Patrick!—
 Perhaps he *now* thinks of poor Ellen no more!
 A cabin we had, and the cow was hard by,
 And a slip of a garden that gladden'd the eye:
 And there was our Patrick,—
 Ne'er idle whil'st light ever lived in the sky.
 We married,—too young, and it's likely too poor,
 Yet no two were so happy in happy Lismore,
 As Ellen and Patrick;
 Till they tempted and took him away from our door.
 He said he would bring me, ere Autumn should fall,
 A linnet or lark that should come at my call:
 Alas! the poor Patrick!
 He has left me a bird that is sweeter than all.
 Twas born in a hovel, 'twas nourished in pain,
 But it came in my grief, like a light on the brain,
 (The child of poor Patrick,)
 And taught me to hope for bright fortune again.

And now,—We two wander from door unto door,
 And, sometimes, we steal back to happy Lismore,
 And ask for poor Patrick ;
 And dream of the days when all wars will be o'er !



CXXXIII.—TIS BETTER WE LAUGH THAN WEEP.

WHY, why doth your music grieve
 In passion so grave and deep ?
 Ah ! sweet Musicians, believe,
 'Tis better we laugh than weep.

*Say, Say,—both grave and gay,
 Should we not laugh, whene'er we may ?
 Thro' day and night, thro' night and day ?*

Life, life has its share of pain ;
 Yet for *ever* why weep or fear ?
 Since the Past ne'er cometh again,
 And To-morrow is not yet here ?

All, all that is quite our own,
 Is the minute we touch to-day,
 And that, while we speak, is flown,
 And beareth its ills away !

So, let not your music grieve
 In melodies grave nor deep ;
 For, dear Musicians, believe,
 'Tis better we laugh than weep !

CXXXIV.—A DRINKING SONG.

DRINK, and fill the night with mirth !

Let us have a mighty measure,
Till we quite forget the earth,
And soar into the world of pleasure.
Drink, and let a health go round,
(’Tis the drinker’s noble duty,)
To the eyes that shine and wound,
To the mouths that bud in beauty!

Here’s to Helen ! Why, ah ! why

Doth she fly from my pursuing ?

Here’s to Marian, cold and shy !

May she warm before thy wooing !

Here’s to Janet ! I’ve been e’er,

Boy and man, her staunch defender,

Always sworn that she was fair,

Always *known* that she was tender !

Fill the deep-mouthed glasses high !

Let them with the champaign tremble,

Like the loose wrack in the sky,

When the four wild winds assemble !

Here’s to all the love on earth,

(Love, the young man’s, wise man’s, treasure !)

Drink, and fill your throats with mirth !

Drink, and drown the world in pleasure !

CXXXV.—RIVER OF THE MORN.

RIVER of the morn !
Fast thou flow'st and bright ;
From the sundered East thou flowest,
Bearing down the Night :
Every cloud thy beauty drinketh ;
Darkness from thy current shrinketh ;
Leaving the Heavens empty quite,
For the conquering Light !

O, the Thought new-born !
Lovely 'tis, and bright :
Like some jewel of the morn,
Nursed in frozen night.
But it trembleth soon and groweth,
And dissolved in splendour floweth,
(Like the flooding dawn, that pours
O'er and o'er the cloudy shores,)
Till blind Ignorance wings her flight
From the conquering Light !

O, ye Thoughts of youth,
Long since flown away !
What ye want in truth,
Ye in love repay !
Though in shadowy forests hidden,
Like the bird that's lost and chidden,
Back again with all your songs,
Ye do come and soothe our wrongs,
Till the unburthen'd heart doth soar
Wiser than before !

CXXXVI.—SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers ;
Song should like a river flow ;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago !

Song from baser thoughts should win us ;
Song should charm us out of woe ;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and right and wrong,—
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty ;
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong :
Every deed of truth and beauty,
Should be crowned by starry Song !

CXXXVII.—SONG FOR OUR FATHER LAND.

HURRAH! Here's a health to the land,
Brave brothers, wherein we were born;
Here's a health to the friend that we love!
Here's a heart for the man that's forlorn!
Let us drink unto all,
Who help us or lack us,
From the child and the poor man,
To Ceres and Bacchus;
And to Plenty (thrice over!) not forgetting her horn!

Here's a health to the Sun in the sky;
To the corn,—to the fruit in the ground;
To the fish,—to the brute,—to the bird;
To the vine,—may it spread and abound!
To good fellows and friends
Whom we love or who love us,
Far off us, or near us,
Below, or above us;
For a friend is a gem,—wheresoever he's found!

Here's a curse on bad times that are past!
Were they better—but now they're no more!
So, here's to all *Good*,—may it last!
And a health to THE FUTURE—thrice o'er!
May the hope that we look upon
Never deceive us!
May the Spirit of good
Never fail us or leave us;
But stand up like a friend that is true to the core!

Ambition,—oh lay it in dust!
 Revenge,—'tis a snake: let it die!
 And for Pride,—let it feed on a crust,
 Though sweet Pity look out from the sky!
 But Wisdom and Hope,
 And the *honest* endeavour,—
 May they smile on us *now*,
 And stand by us for ever,
 Fast friends, wheresoever the tempest shall fly!

—◆—

CXXXVIII.—THOU HAST LOVE WITHIN THINE EYES.

—

THOU hast love within thine eyes,
 Though they be as dark as night;
 And a pity (shewn by sighs)
 Heaveth in thy bosom white:
 What is all the azure light
 Which the flaxen beauties shew,
 If the scorn be sharp and bright,
 Where the tender love should glow?

Do I love thee?—Lady, no!
 I was born for other skies,
 Where the palmy branches grow,
 And the unclouded mornings rise:
There—(when sudden evening dies)
 I will tell of thee, before
 The beauty of Dione's eyes,
 And she shall love thee evermore!

CXXXIX.—TO THE SNOW DROP.

PRETTY firstling of the year!
 Herald of the host of flowers!
 Hast thou left thy cavern drear,
 In the hope of summer hours?
 Back unto thy earthen bowers!
 Back to thy warm world below,
 Till the strength of suns and showers
 Quell the now relentless snow!

Art *still* here?—Alive? and blythe?
 Though the stormy Night hath fled,
 And the Frost hath passed his scythe
 O'er thy small unsheltered head?
 Ah!—some lie amidst the dead,
 (Many a giant stubborn tree,—
 Many a plant, its spirit shed,)
 That were better nursed than thee!

What hath saved thee? Thou wast not
 'Gainst the arrowy winter furred,—
 Armed in scale,—but all forgot
 When the frozen winds were stirred.
 Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
 Should have hid thee in the earth,
 Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
 And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature,—deep and mystic word!
 Mighty mother, still unknown!

Thou didst sure the Snow-drop gird
 With an armour all thine own!
 Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
 To the cold and sullen season,
 (Like a thought at random thrown,)
 Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 'twere but to pierce the mind
 With a single gentle thought,
 Who shall deem thee harsh or blind?
 Who that thou hast vainly wrought?
 Hoard the gentle virtue caught
 From the Snow-drop,—reader wise!
 Good is good, wherever taught,
 On the ground or in the skies!



CXL.—WILT THOU LEAVE ME?

WILT thou leave me? I did give
 All my fond true heart to *thee*,
 Dreaming thou might'st scorn it not;
 And canst thou abandon me?

I have loved—oh, word of love,
 Bear me to thy star of bliss!
 Let me know if worlds above
 Can requite the pain of this?

I have loved—oh, lover, why
 Must I all my fondness tell?
 Do not—do not bid me die
 At thy cruel word—'Farewell!'

CXLI.—IN COMMEMORATION OF HAYDN.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

COME forth, victorious Sounds,—from harp and horn,
From viol, and trump, and echoing instruments!

A hundred years have flown! A hundred years,
Of toil and strife, of joys and tears,
Have risen to life, and died 'midst vain laments,
Since that harmonious morn.

Whereon the Muse's mighty Son was born!

Sound,—Immortal Music, sound!
Bid the golden words go round!
Every heart and tongue, proclaim
Haydn's power! Haydn's fame!
Sing,—how well he earned his glory!

Sing,—how he shall live in story!
Sing,—how he *doth* live in light;

Shining like a star above us,

Bending down to cheer and love us
Crown'd with his own divine delight!

Sound,—Immortal Music, sound!

Bid thy golden words go 'round!

Every grand and gentle tone,
Every truth he made his own;
Gathering from the human mind
All the bloom that poets find,—

Gathering, from the winds and ocean,
 Dreams, to feed his high emotion,
 When the Muse was past controul,—
 Gathering, from all things that roll
 Within Time's vast and starry round,
 The thoughts that give a Soul to sound!



CXLIH.—ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.



A YEAR—an age shall fade away,
 (Ages of pleasure and of pain)
 And yet the face I see to-day
For ever shall remain,—
 In my heart and in my brain!
 Not all the scalding tears of care
 Shall wash away that vision fair;
 Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
 Not all the sights that dim mine eyes,
 Shall e'er usurp the place
 Of that little angel face!
 But here it shall remain
 For ever; and if joy or pain
 Turn my troubled winter gaze
 Back unto my hawthorn days,
 There,—amongst the hoarded past,
 I shall see it to the last;
 The only thing, save poet's rhyme,
 That shall not own the touch of Time!

CXLIII.—INSCRIPTIONS.—*More Græcum.*

I. FOR A FOUNTAIN.

REST! This little Fountain runs
 Thus for aye:—It never stays
 For the look of summer suns,
 Nor the cold of winter days.
 Whosoe'er shall wander near,
 When the Syrian heat is worst,
 Let him hither come, nor fear
 Lest he may not slake his thirst:
 He will find this little river
 Running still as bright as ever.
 Let him drink, and onwards hie,
 Bearing but in thought that I,
 EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
 And thank the great god Pan for all!

II. FOR A TEMPLE OF ESCULAPIUS.

IN this high nook, built all by mortal hand,
 An Epidaurian Temple, here I stand
 Sacred to him who drives away disease,
 And gives to all who seek him health and ease!
 I stand devoted to the God of health,—
 To Æsculapius old; built by the wealth
 Of grateful men, who owe to his rare skill,
 Life, ease, and all that Fortune spares them still!

III. FOR A STREAMLET.

TRAVELLER, note! Although I seem
But a little sparkling stream,
I come from regions where the sun
Dwelleth when his toil is done—
From yon proud hills in the West.
Thence I come, and never rest,
Till (curling round the mountain's feet)
I find myself 'mid pastures sweet,
Vernal, green, and ever gay ;
And then I gently slide away,
A thing of silence,—till I cast
My life into the sea at last!

IV. FOR AN ANTIQUE DRINKING CUP.

Drink! If thou find'st my round all filled with wine,
Which lifts men's creeping thoughts to dreams divine,
Drink, and become a God! Anacreon old
Once quenched his mighty thirst from out my gold :
Rich was I, red, and brimming ;—but he laughed,
And, (tasting sparsely,) drained me at a draught.
Bacchanal! If thou lov'st the Teian's fame,
Take courage—grasp me fast—and strait do Thou the
same!

CXLIV.—NAPOLEON.

HARK! the world is rent asunder :
 Nations are aghast ; and kings
 (Mingling in the common wonder)
 Shake, like humbler things.

*Only thou art left alone,
 Napoleon ! Napoleon !*

Plague, from out her trance awaking,
 Quits her ancient hot domain ;
 And War, the statesman's fetters breaking,
 Shouts to thee—in vain !

*Both to thee are now unknown,
 Napoleon ! Napoleon !*

He who rode War's fiery billows
 Once, and ruled their surges wild,
 Now beneath Heléna's willows
 Sleepeth—like a child !

*All thy soaring spirit flown :
 Napoleon ! Napoleon !*

In his grave the warrior sleepeth,
 Humbly laid, and half forgot,
 And nought, besides the willow, weepeth
 O'er that silent spot !

*Calm it is, and all thine own ;
 Napoleon ! Napoleon !*

But,—what columns teach his merit ?
 What rich ermines wrap him round ? —

None ;—His proud and plumed Spirit
Crowns alone the ground !

*Proud and pale, and all alone,
Lies the dead Napoleon !*



CXLV.—GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.



SING, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear !
Neither sad nor very long :
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide !
Therefore let it suit a merry merry ear,
Mother dear !

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear !
Shunning e'en the thought of pain :
For our gentle child will weep,
If the theme be dark and deep ;
And *We* will not draw a single single tear,
Mother dear !

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear !
And like an endless summer shine ;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes :
Therefore, bid thy song be merry :— dost thou hear,
Mother dear ?



CXLVI.—LOVE FLYING.

Love flies, fond wretch, across the desert air ;
Pursued by passionate thoughts and phantom fears,
His tender heart, though young, the home of cares,
His eyes (now hidden) blind with many tears :
To what less hopeless region can he flee,
Sweet and gentle Iole!

Tell *me*, and bid me fly ; and tell me, too,
Why Love goes weeping when he looks at thee ?
Why do his eyes, like mine, forsake Heaven's blue ?
Why can we nothing see,
Save that one spot of earth where *Thou* mayst be ?

Give me *one* smile, sweet heart!—for my eyes now
 Grow dim, like Love's, with tears; and I could fade
 Beneath the beauty of thy gentle brow,
 Into the everlasting fatal shade,
 Where cold Oblivion near pale Death is laid,
 Could I but win one tender thought from *thee*,
 Sweet,—sweet Iole!



CXLVII.—A DREAMER'S SONG.



I DREAM of thee at morn,
 When all the earth is gay,
 Save I, who live a life forlorn,
 And die thro' a long decay.

I dream of thee at noon,
 When the summer sun is high,
 And the river sings a sleepy tune,
 And the woods give no reply.

I dream of thee at eve,
 Beneath the fading sun,
 When even the winds begin to grieve;—
 And I dream till day is done.

I dream of thee at night,
 When dreams, men say, are free:
 Alas, thou dear—too dear delight!
 When dream I *not* of thee?

CXVLIH.—A POET'S THOUGHT.

TELL me, what is a poet's thought ?

Is it on the sudden born ?

Is it from the star-light caught ?

Is it by the tempest taught ?

Or by whispering morn ?

Was it cradled in the brain ?

Chained awhile, or nursed in night ?

Was it wrought with toil and pain ?

Did it bloom and fade again,

Ere it burst to light ?

No more question of its birth :

Rather love its better part !

'Tis a thing of sky and earth,

Gathering all its golden worth

From the Poet's heart.

CXLIX.—TO A LADY ATTIRING HERSELF.

FOR whom—(too happy for the earth or skies !)

Dost thou adorn thee with such restless care ?

Or veil the star-light beauty of thine eyes ?

Or bind in fatal wreaths thy golden hair ?

He dies who looks on thee,...as *I* have died,

(Love's ghost and victim) slain by thy cold pride !

He dies, oh ! he *must* die—but will he wander

(As *I* have done) for ever round thy door ?

Or on thy deadly beauty dream and ponder,

(As *I* still dream)—for ever and evermore ?

CL.—WILT THOU REMEMBER ME?

WILT thou remember me when I am gone,—
 Gone to that leaden darkness, where men lie,
 Shut out from friends, in chambers all of stone—
 Waiting my summons from the awful sky?

Think of me, *sometimes*, sweet!—all cold,—all pale,
 Beyond the power of pain,—a Spirit taken
 By Death to regions where no hearts awaken ;
 Where no hopes haunt us—no wild sorrows wail—
 Where even *thy* love itself can then no more avail!

CLI.—I GO, AND SHE DOTHS MISS ME NOT!

I go,—and she doth miss me not!
 So shall I die, and be forgot—
 Forgot, as is some sorrow past,
 Or cloud by fleeting sickness cast.

Death, and the all absorbing tomb,
 Will hide me in eternal gloom ;
 And she will live—as gay—alone,
 As though I had been never known!

'Tis well, perhaps, that this should be ;
 'Tis, surely, well sad thoughts should flee!
 Nor would I wish—when I am hid
 Underneath the coffin's lid—
 That thou shouldst spoil *one* blooming thought for me,
 Fair and for-aye-beloved Iole!

CLII.—A PARTING SONG.

WILT thou leave thy home so kind,
 For the Ocean wild?
 Canst thou leave *me*, old and blind,
 Untender child?

Dost thou think the storms above thee
 Will respect my son?
 Dost thou dream the world will love thee,
 As *I* have done?

Boy, through nights and years I've nursed thee,
How—thy heart should tell,
 And (come what will,) I have not cursed thee;
 And so—farewell!

CLIII.—I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground
 Not panteth so for summer rain,
 As I for one soft look of thine;
 And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now—
 Each one, perhaps, surpassing me:
 But who doth feel a thousandth part
 Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look,
 Who 'round the wild world laugh and rove;
 I only think how sweet 'twould be
 To *die* for thy sweet love!

CLIV.—WHAT USE IS ALL THE LOVE I BEAR THEE?

WHAT use is all the love I bear thee,
 Without thy sweet return?
 What use in Fate's cold patient lesson,
 Which *my* soul cannot learn?
 I love thee—as, they tell in story,
 Men love in burning climes;
 And I let loose my wild heart before thee,
 In burning, burning rhymes!
 Were't not for this, my chafed Spirit
 Would burst its bonds and flee!
 And *Thou*? Ah, yes, thy gentle heart
 Would *still* give a thought to *me*!

CLV.—A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL!—Now Time must slower move
 Then e'er since this dark world began!
 And thou wilt give thy heaven of love
 Unto another, happier man!
 And *then*—I never more will see
 Those eyes,—but hide, far off, my pain;
 And thou wilt have forgotten *me*,
 Or smile thou see'st me not again.
 Live happy, in thy happier lot;
 And I will strive, (if't so must be,)
 To think 'tis well to be forgot,
 Since it may keep a pang from *thee*.

CLVI.—SHE SATE BY THE RIVER SPRINGS.

SHE sate by the river springs,
 And bound her coal-black hair ;
 And she sang, as the cuckoo sings,
 Alone,—in the Evening air,
 With a patient smile, and a look of care,
 And a cheek that was dusk, not fair :—
 She sate, but her thoughts had wings,
 That carried her sweet despair
 Away to the azure plains,
 Where Truth and the angels are :
 She sang,—but she sang in vain !
 Ah ! why doth she sing again ?

She mourns, like the sweet wind grieving in
 The pines on an autumn night ;
 She will fade, like the fading Evening,
 When Hesper is blooming bright :
 And her song ?—it must take its flight !
 So pretty a song
 Must die ere long,
 Like a too, too sharp delight !

She *was*—like the rose in summer ;
 She *is*—like the lily frail ;
 Yet, they'll welcome the sweet new comer,
 Below, in the regions pale !
 And the ghost will forget his pain,
 As he roams thro' the dusk alone :
 And *We* ?—We will mourn in vain,
 O'er the Shadow of beauty flown !

CLVII.—A REPROACH.

Look gently on me! Thou dost move
 (Yet why?) thine eyes away!
 Dost dream that I could harm thee, Love,
 Or thy sweet soul betray?

Know better! Some may seek their end,
 Through all bad deeds that be:
 But *I*—beyond the world thy friend—
 Can never injure *thee*!

My love, my woe, I not deny;
 And I *cannot* from them flee:
 But—if thou biddest—I can die
 Far—far away from thee!

CLVIII.—A CONCEIT.

SWEET sights, sweet scents, sweet sounds,
 All to my sweet Love hie:
 Some go their viewless rounds;
 Some sail before her eye;
 But the sweetest—oh! the sweetest,
 Deep in her bosom lie!

The violet comes to woo her,
 With an eye like Heaven above;
 Night's sweet bird mourns unto her;
 Soft winds all round her rove;
 And tender—tenderest thoughts pursue her,
 With a voice as sweet as love!

CLIX.—A NIGHT SONG.

'Tis Night! 'tis Night,—the Hour of hours,
 When Love lies down with folded wings,
 By Psyche in her starless bowers,
 And down his fatal arrows flings,—
 Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
 Save only from the bridal bird,
 Who 'midst that utter darkness sings:
 This her burthen, soft and clear,—
Love is here! Love is here!

'Tis Night! The moon is on the stream;
 Bright spells are on the soothed sea;
 And Hope, the child, is gone to dream,
 Of pleasures which may never be!
 And now is haggard Care asleep;
 Now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
 And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
 Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning shew
 To shame the stars or pale moonlight?
 What bounty can the day bestow,
 Like that which falls from gentle Night?
 Sweet Lady, sing I not aright?
 Oh! turn and tell me,—for the day
 Is faint and fading fast away;
 And now comes back the Hour of hours,
 When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
 And sighs, like winds 'mong evening flowers,
 Until the maiden Silence speaks!

Fair girl, methinks—nay, hither turn
 Those eyes, which 'mid their blushes burn—
 Methinks, at such a time, one's heart
 Can better bear both sweet and smart,—
 Love's look—the first—which never dieth,
 Or Death—who comes when Beauty flieth,
 When strength is slain, when youth is past,
 And all, save TRUTH, is lost at last!

—◆—
 CLX.—TO ADELAIDE.
 —

CHILD of my heart! My sweet, beloved First-born!
 Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
 Thou rainbow who dost shine when all the showers
 Are past,—or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,—
 No spot, no blemish,—pure, and unforlorn!
 Untouched, untainted! O, my Flower of flowers!
 More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
 To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
 Welcome,—a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
 'Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold:
 New hope springs upward; and the bright World seems
 Cast back into a youth of endless springs!
 Sweet mother, is it so?—or, grow I old
 Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?

November, 1825.

CLXI.—A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SEND down thy winged angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild;
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts,
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope,—and have despaired, at times;
But *now* we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!

CLXII.—TO A VOYAGER.

My Love is journeying o'er the sea!

God guard her on the deep!

And force the Ocean harms to flee,

And bid the tempests sleep!

To-night she leaves our English strand,

To sail unto the Indian land!

She goes, all ignorant of my love!

And fit it thus should be!

For why should waves or winds above

Bear hopeless sighs from me?

'Tis better I should bear—in vain,

Than *she* should answer—pain for pain!

Bright Stars, look gently on her sleep!

Sweet, guardian Heaven, enfold her 'round;

And quell all madness in the deep;

And banish from the air its sound!

Oh! guard her from all ill,—all strife;

And bless her through the bloom of life!

CLXIII.—HIS LOVE IS HIDDEN.

His love is hidden, like the springs

Which lie in Earth's deep heart below;

And murmur there a thousand things,

Which nought above may hear or know.

'Tis hid, not buried! Without sound,

Or light or limit, night and day,

It (like the dark springs underground,)

Runs, ebbs not, and ne'er *can* decay!

CLXIV.—SONG—FROM A PLAY.

WHY art thou, Love! so fair, so young?
 Why is that sad sweet music hung,
 For ever, on thy gentle tongue?

Why art thou fond? Why art thou fair?
 Why sitteth, in thy soft eye, Care?
 Why smil'st thou in such sweet despair?

Youth, Beauty fade,—like summer roses :
 Sad music sadder love discloses :
 Dark Care in darker death reposes !

All's vain ! the rough world careth not
 For thee—for me—for our dark lot.
 We love, Sweet, but to be forgot !

We love,—and meet the world's sharp scorn :
 We live,—to die some common morn,—
 Unknown, unwept, and still forlorn !
 Why, dear one, why—*why* were we born ?



CLXV.—SISTER, I CANNOT READ TO-DAY.

SISTER, I cannot read to-day !
 Before my eyes the letters stream ;
 Now,—one by one,—they fade away,
 Like shadows in a dream :
 All seems a fancy, half forgot :
 Sweet sister, do I dream or not ?

I cannot work ; I cannot rest ;
 I cannot sing—nor think, to-day :

The wild heart panteth in my breast,
 As though 'twould break away.
 Why—wherefore—Ah, girl! ease my woe,
 And tell me—*why* he tarrieth so!

CLXVI.—SEA-SHORE STANZAS.

METHINKS, I fain would lie by the lone Sea,
 And hear the waters their white music weave!
 Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
 So that our sorrows might companioned be,
 By that strange harmony
 Of winds and billows, and the living sound
 Sent down from Heaven when the Thunder speaks,
 Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,
 When the swoll'n Sea doth strive to burst his bound!

Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the Ocean,
 Until the vast and terrible billows wake,
 I see the writhing of that curled snake,
 Which men of old believed,—and my emotion
 Warreth within me, till the fable reigns
 God of my fancy, and my curdling veins
 Do homage to that serpent old,
 Which clasped the great world in its fold,
 And brooded over earth, and the charmed sea,
 Like endless, restless, drear Eternity!

CLXVII.—ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

HITHER come, at close of day,
And o'er this dust, sweet Mothers, pray!

A little infant lies within,

Who never knew the name of sin,
Beloved,—bright,—and all our own;
Like morning fair,—and sooner flown!

No leaves or garlands wither here,

Like those in foreign lands;

No marble hides our dear one's bier,
The work of alien hands:

The months it lived, the name it bore,
The silver telleth,—nothing more!

No more;—yet Silence stalketh round

This vault so dim and deep,

And Death keeps watch without a sound,

Where all lie pale and sleep;

But palest here and latest hid,

Is *He*—beneath this coffin lid.

How fair he was,—how *very* fair—

What dreams we pondered o'er,

Making his life so long and clear,

His fortunes flowing o'er;

Our hopes—(that he would happy be,

When we ourselves were old,)

The scenes we saw, or hoped to see—

They're soon and sadly told.

All was a dream!—it came and fled,

And left us here, among the dead!

Pray, Mothers, pray, at close of day,
 While we, sad parents, weep alway!
 Pray, too, (and softly be't and long,
 That all *your* babes, now fair and strong,
 May blossom like—*not* like the rose,
 For that doth fade when summer goes,—
 ('Twas thus *our* pretty infant died,
 The summer and its mother's pride!)
 But, like some stern enduring tree,
 That reacheth its green century,
 May grow, may flourish,—then decay,
 After a long, calm, happy day,
 Made happier by good deeds to men,
 And hopes in heaven to meet again!

 Pray!—From the happy, prayer is due;
 While we—('tis all we now can do!)
 Will check our tears, and pray with you.

CLXVIII.—TO A POETESS.

DREAD'ST thou lest thou should'st die unknown?
 What matter? All the strength of Fame
 And Death have this poor power alone,—
 To give thee an uncertain fame.

 The critic dull and envious bard
 Will quarrel o'er thine ashes dear;
 That past,—thy single sad reward
 Must be some lonely lover's tear!

CLXIX.—A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!

Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

TOUCH us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings :
Our ambition, *our* content
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime :—
TOUCH us *gently*, gentle Time !

CLXX—A QUESTION AND REPLY.

“ WHAT is there on this dark cold bank,
That thou so long hast sought ?
Methinks these briers and rushes dank,—
This hollow, with the wild grass rank,
Shew nothing worth a thought !”

“ I seek what thou canst value not,
What thou canst never see,—
Soft eyes, by all but me forgot,
Which here—ay, on this dark cold spot,
Bent their last look on *me* !”

CLXXI.—WISHES.

SWEET be her dreams, the fair, the young!
 Grace, Beauty, breathe upon her!
 Music, haunt thou about her tongue!
 Life, fill her path with honour!

All golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
 Truth, Friendship, Love, surround her!
 So may she smile, till life be closed,
 And Angel hands have crowned her!

 CLXXII.—AN EPITAPH.

HE died, and left the world behind!
 His once wild heart is cold!
 His once keen eye is quelled and blind!
 What more?—His tale is told.

He came, and, baring his heav'n-bright thought,
 He earned the base World's ban;
 And,—having vainly lived and taught,
 Gave place to a meaner man!

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

1. *A Murderer reproaches his employer ;—the retort.*

Sir Philip.—You come o' the sudden?

Brand.—Ay, Sir,—unannounced,
As doth the wind, or raging waters, when
They burst their bonds, and on the hearths of men
Rush down with cries of ruin!

Sir Philip.—You are learned:
What is't you want?

Brand.—Sir, the philosopher's stone,—
Justice; long sought, ne'er found. I've kept sad watch
In hopes your pity would dissolve at last,
And flow upon us: But your heart is steel,
(Hard, cold, thrice-tempered in an orphan's tears,
And will not melt, nor bend.)

Sir Philip.—Where doth this lead?

Brand.—I'll tell you, so you've patience.—Let us turn
Our thoughts back thro' the crimes of thirty years,

And we shall see each other as we were ;
Both young, and one imprudent. I—(let loose
By manhood from the bondage of my youth,)
Plunged into riot : You, more wise, lent out
Your wisdom to great men, who paid you back
(With something better than the courtier's coin,)
With place, and profit ; on which helps, you rose
To greatness. Then,—a sudden tempest wrecked
The vessel where your fortunes lay embayed,
And hurled you down to your ancient poverty.
—Tired of the toil of rising, and long used
To silken pleasures, you could not put on
Your youthful habits ; but, with discontent
(The villain's sword) walked thoughtful up and down,
Seeking some wretch still needier than yourself,
And came on—*me !* I was—('t was my black hour!)
So closely knit to every basest grief,
So famish'd, and in such frightful beggary,
That I have quarrelled with the houseless cur,
For scraps the stomach sickens at. You saw this ;
And (though you had before refused my wants)
Proffered—I know not what : 'twas wealth—'twas life ;
(For from my bones the lean and traitorous flesh
Had fled, and left a desperate skeleton ;)
And ready was I to do aught 'gainst earth,
Nay, 'gainst high Heaven,—if 'twere but for a meal!
But, what's all this? You know't, as well as I.
You had a dying brother,—he a son,
Whose life eclipsed and hid you from the light :—
'Twas but a little blood, and all was over!
You tempted, and—I fell.

Sir Philip.—Why, you were *then*
 A murderer, ready made. What cant is this?
 Were you not *paid*? Your bones well armed with flesh?
 That flesh appavelled like a gentleman?
 Dog that you are, why,—when all's fairly done,
 The bargain consummate, the coin paid down,
 And you still fattening at my yearly cost,—
 Why do you come, and with your diseased tongue,
 Howl at bright Fortune? Will you starve again?
 Shrink into bone? Swear yourself out aloud
 The butcher of a child? Wilt hang? Wilt kneel,—
 And let the scoffing crowd spit scorn upon thee?
 What is't you ask? What end do you propose,—
 That thus with insolent, useless, base remorse,
 You beard me in my house, and bid me shake
 Your vulgar hand in bloody fellowship?

2. *A Man without Repentance.*

I do not grieve that I am here alone;
 Nor grieve I for what's done. Could I now will
 That Time might tread his weary footsteps back,
 And earth grow bright again, I would not hav 't.
 What use? What end? My soul again would welcome
 Her terrible choice: Again would I, undismayed,
 Wed my dark fortune—live in ghastly dreams;
 Rather than bear the weight of beggary,
 The curse of hunger,—toil, contempt, and shame,
 And die at last—a felon; or—a slave.

3. *A Jew's use for Riches.*

Jew.—My Lord, I live here in perpetual fear;
 My only friend being gold. Five times already
 I've bought this wintered body from the flames;
 As oft repeals from exile. Scorn I endure,
 And hatred bear, from all. Were I but poor,
 I should be trod on like the common dust,
 Gibbeted, tortured;—I must keep my gold!
 It is my arms,—my shield. The Christian wolves
 Would worry me, did I not cast them down
 The yellow bait, which bids them say “Dog,—Jew!
 “Live, till we come to-morrow!”

Rod.—You could lend
 Count Gomez on his bond—how much I know not—
 But twenty times the weight I ask of thee.

Jew.—He's an——Inquisitor, (doth no one hear?)
 Hath power,—can help,—can crush me. When they drag
 me
 Blindfold and shaking through the horrid dark,
 'Tis sweet, as I go down the dungeon steps,
 And thro' the long cold silent vaulted places,
 To think I have a friend who's judge to-night,
 Whom gold has bought, and gold can ever buy.
 So, when I'm questioned, I reply with tears,
 And humble prayers, and swear I've made a vow,
 To give in Christian alms a thousand ducats,
 And strait—my cords are loosened!

4. *Consolation in Poverty.*

Arm.—Why do we murmur? Are we poor? What's that?

'Tis but to breathe the air of industry;
To use sweet exercise from morn till eve,—
Earn health, content, rude strength, and appetite;
And, when Night draws her curtains round us, sleep
Through all the unbroken silence.

Man.—Thou'rt a sweet comforter. 'Tis not so bad,
Methinks, to toil before the eye of day.

Arm.—If there be angels watching—

Man.—They shall see
I will dig lustily.

Arm.—They shall see, too,
We'll not repine, because we have no longer
A little leisure that we lost in dreams!

5. *The same subject.*

Man.—If we had never known each other, sweet,
We both might have been happy.

Arm.—Think not thus.
It was the unerring sense of happiness
That led us gently to each other's arms,—
A prophecy more sure than hope can be;
And we obeyed it.

Man.—Therefore are we here,
Starving,—half-dead,—despairing!

Arm.—Loving, too:
Thou must not forget that.

Man.—O, sweet, sweet woman!
 Never! The subtle word will find its road,
 Into the deeps o' the heart. It is a worm,
 Winding its way through every obstacle,—
 Grief, joy, dark fortune,—'till it finds the core,
 And there—ill luck!—it preys.

6. *The Exultation of an Heir.*

Jac.—He sleeps upon his marble pillow, now,
 Pale as a peasant.

Giul.—Oh, a million times
 I give thee joy.

Jac.—Ay, Giulio, I am heir
 To lordships, mansions, forests, parks, and gems.
 He had three mighty manors in Castile;
 Two broad estates in Leon; two amidst
 The mulberry trees of Murcia, and huge chests
 Crammed full of ingots, dug by naked slaves
 Who famished on coarse bread. Besides all these,
 There bloom plantations in the East, whose fruits
 Are pearls, and spice, and princely diamonds;
 And in Brazil Pactolus floods, ne'er dumb,
 Whose waves all talk in gold!

7. *Love.*

A.—The tide of love sets from me!

B.—Tut! 't may turn.

Love's not a petty stream runs all one way;
 But like the Ocean,—deep, and vast, and swayed
 By Phantasy, its moon! This hour it rolls

Inward upon a rough and barren beach ;
 To-morrow far away. Dost thou despair
 'Twill ever reach thee? Oh, there's none so base,
 But have their worshippers. Dost thou not know
 The corse which one unmanner'd wave rejects,
 The next will ravish. You may see it borne
 Far out from sight of land, and there 'twill ride
 Triumphant on the shoulders of the main ;
 All winds and billows making music for't,
 As though 'twere the Jove of waters !

8. *Revenge.*

— My Revenge

Was born in laughter (as our highest delights
 Oft' blush at first through tears) ;—but 'twill endure,—
 Like oaks which, born in May, seem slight and weak,
 But having a score of winters on their heads,
 Grow strong and rugged ;—so doth my Revenge !
 Nought shall impoverish it. The bounteous years
 Shall lend their seasons and apparel it,
 And, lest its roots should e'er forsake the ground,
 We'll water it well, with—blood !

9. *A Blush.*

Look, look ! The summer rises in her cheeks.
 A blush, as hot as June, comes flooding o'er
 Her too proud paleness. Burning modesty
 Warms all her brow, and Beauty quite abashed
 Droops her twin stars to earthward.

10. *A Butt.*

A.—YON fellow is a fool, sir : he indeed
Doth not profess so much ; but 'tis his trade,—
His calling, to be the butt of other men.
He thrives by't. You may kick him :—but, to-morrow,
Be sure he'll borrow money ! If you cast
A jibe upon him that would shame a dog,
He'll ask what time you dine. A laugh to him
Is worth a supper ; and a blow—'tis wealth !
To look at these things philosophically——

B.—At present were misplaced :—Dost mean so much ?

A.—Pardon me, sir. The air of folly best
Doth nourish in the cynic keenest thoughts :
Dwells he 'midst men of sense his spirit dies,
Having no food for his fierce scorn to live on.

11. *Specimen of Courtiers.*

A.—DIDST ever see such a bundle of base weeds ?

B.—Dost think there's one of all this useless tribe
Is worth a real ?

A.—Not one : and yet the varlets
Demand a lawyer's fee in brave pistoles,
Ere they will serve you. Look on him who bows !
Satin-faced villain !—for his help he asks
A double bribe, with twice as soft a tongue
As he who talks plain Spanish.

B.—Who is that ?

A.—That frothy thing ?—a blank, sir : but the next,—

Whose acid visage wrinkles into frowns,
 Gains favour of the Duke (who dreads his jibes)
 By slandering all who're honest. He perhaps
 May do us some sour service. Do not dream
 He's not a knave because he frowns on you ;
 For that's his fashion. He will purse a bribe
 As readily as he who's bathed in smiles.
 They're villains both,—born, bred ; even-paced rogues :
 The difference lies in the manner ; nothing more.

12. *Account of a Boaster.*

B.—Sir, he's a fellow
 To take the devil by the sinister horn,
 And twirl him like a top. Some years ago,
 He needs must fly this honest wholesome country,
 To sniff bad air in France. 'Twas there (he swore't!)
 He slew a regiment ; and—with his eyes—
 Murdered a world of women ! Thence, he went
 To Rome ; and for some threepence, did propose
 To drink up brimming Tyber, till 'twas dry.

A.—And did he do't ?

B.—E'gad, sir, I can't tell you :
 But I lean much to doubt ; for,—spite o' the bet,—
 I've heard that still the river's bed runs moist,
 And Rome does not lack water.

13. *A Bridal Couple.*

Knit up thy spirit ! Men should go faced in brass,
 In these high unabashed bridal times.
 Observe thou when the virgin wife dawns forth,

Like blushing morning ;—Ha ! look where she comes,
 In sweetness like the hawthorn buds unblown ;
 While the proud bridegroom, like the month of May,
 Steps on 'midst flowers.

14. *A Mature Taste.*

Jac.—It is not every man prefers an apple ;
 For some like best the crab. 'Tis thus with thee.

Rod.—Well, well ! I own I do not care for women
 Whose kiss is like a peach. Give me a touch
 O'the austere flavour. Too much sweet will spoil
 The daintiest dish. That taste is immature,
 And young, which feeds, like flies, on treacle, cousin :
 Salt, spice, hot flavours suit the learned tongue ;
 And such a one is mine.

15. *The Schoolmaster abroad.*

Caraf.—I AM the bard——

Man.—Peace, peace ! I know you well.
 I've heard your verses, by the hour, sir, twanged
 To rascal viols, through rogues' noses,—pah !
 Just at my hour of sleep. I'll have thee hanged
 For scurvy rhymes. Thou'st spread a plague so foul,
 So foolish, that our women learn to spell ;
 Nay, kings decypher ; and our lords are mad
 Until they can write nonsense. Till thou cam'st,
 We were all pure in happy ignorance,—
 Content,—with love, sport, wine ; and thought of *nothing*,
 Save what should be for dinner.

16. *Nothing perfect.*

SCORN not our verse, because it might soar higher.
 What's perfect on poor earth? Is not the bird
 At whose sweet song the forests ache with love,
 Shorn of all beauty? Is the bittern's cry
 As merry as the lark's? the lark's as soft
 As the lost cuckoo's? Nay, the lion hath
 His fault; and the elephant, (tho' sage as wisdom)
 May grieve he lacks the velvet of the pard.

17. *Remonstrance.*

THE Heavens themselves,
 Which throw their shadows on the floor o' the earth,
 Show, in their nature, blackness: Storms and rains
 Chequer the glory of their brightest hours.
 How then canst thou, who walk'st 'neath changeful skies,
 E'er hope for cloudless fortune?

18. *The Intellect strengthened by study.*

A.—If I do this what further can I do?

B.—Why, more than ever. Every task thou dost
 Brings strength and capability to act.

He who doth climb the difficult mountain's top,
 Will, the next day, outstrip an idler man!

Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse,—
 In books,—which though they daunt thy wit awhile,
 Will knit thee, i' the end, with wisdom.

19. *Taste in Vice.*

HE is too hard for such sweet pleasures, sir.
 None ever relish (even the raciest) vice,
 'Less they've a little virtue. 'Tis the sense
 Of *wrong* that sends the tingling blood abroad.
 They who do ill, yet feel no preference for't,
 Do it in base and tasteless ignorance.
 Sin should be seen to blush through Virtue's cheeks,
 Mingling the rose and lily.

20. *A Rich Man.*

RICH? ask'st thou if he's rich? Observe me, sir!
 His money bags are *torpid*,—they're so full!
 Crammed, glutton-like, with lumps of spendthrift gold,
 They swell their sides,—and sleep!

21. *Sadness avoided by the wealthy.*

A.—'What will I wear' when I do visit the Duke?
 Why, black,—the colour of my fortunes,—black.

B.—Tush! thou should'st go all gay and bridegroom-like;
 Smiling in gold.

C.—The lady, sir, speaks well.
 Men of a pampered lot care not to look
 On aught that's mournful. They recoil from woe,
 As sickly natures from the sight of pain.
 They want the healthy sinewy spirit, that makes
 Endurance pleasant like to exercise.

22. *Loss of Strength.*

WHEN I was young, I was as hot as wrath,
 Swift like the wind, and thoughtless. My hair fell
 In coal-black curls upon my brawny neck,
 And sunshine filled my eyes. My voice was clear ;
 But stern as storms are, when they 'fright the sea !
 Now—*now*—look on me ! Could'st thou think despair
 Could so deform, and with remorseless showers
 Wash all my strength away ? I, who could once
 Strike dead the hydra,—split the oak,—now cannot
 Outwrestle the summer urchin in his play !

23. *Questions to one restored from Death.*

SIT down beside me,—thou, who hast left so lately
 The calm dark regions, for this fretful world,—
 Come back to sorrow, like the unthinking bird
 Who seeks once more its cage ! Sit down beside me ;
 And tell me what dim dreams have fallen on thee,
 And what blank aspects and unbodied things
 Thou met'st, in thy pale march ! Didst thou not see
 The—Dead ? Methinks, I saw them, once ! Some were
 there
 By their own serpent passions stung to death ;—
 Some whom too little love, or too much care,
 Made white as winter ;—pining skeletons,
 Whom hunger turned to stone ;—mad parents,—oh !
 Who watched, for aye, some little corse—in vain ;
 A ghastly brotherhood, who hung together,
 Knit firm by misery and some common wrong !

24. *The Grave.*

'Tis fenced all round with fears, like triple brass :
 Rocks of despair stand round it : Seas of woe
 Shut out that region from the sunny world ;
 And diabolic Ghosts, (whose care it is,
 And penalty, to keep that silent land
 Untroubled until Doom,) like ghastly giants,
 Stand armed beside rebellious bones, and scare
 The restless back to slumber.

25. *Knowledge.*

A.—WHAT'S knowledge ?

B.—Sorrow,—sorrow : little else.

All the black units which make up the amount
 Of human life (sad sum of deeds and thoughts !)
 Together joined, form knowledge. The great marks,
 Which guide us onwards thro' tempestuous seas,
 Are beacons, currents, rocks. The sunny places
 Teach nothing, save that now and then we sink
 By trusting what looks fair. The gibbet there
 Blurts out a lesson ; and the clamorous blast,
 That shakes yon rattling felon in his chains,
 Screams forth a dismal moral.

26. *A Poor Man.*

HAD I been born a stone, I might have been
 Free from that curse—a heart : but I bear in me
 A throbbing devil, who will never sleep.
 I am possessed ! Care, Care,—the cruel pain

Which children bring upon the parents' soul,
 Eats into mine, corrodes, and cankers it.
 You laugh—' *I do not starve*'—not yet, not yet :
 But wait to-morrow! Famine will be here.
 In the mean time, we've still grim Care, (whose tooth
 Is like the tyger's,—sharp,) lest dreams should fall,
 And shadow us with sweet forgetfulness.

27. *A constant Soldier.*

Ay, *still* he loves
 The lion-tressed Bellona, like a bride ;
 Woos her with blows ; and when his limbs all sweat
 With struggling through the iron ranks of war,
 Down doth he tumble on the tired ground,
 Wipes his red forehead ; cries 'How brave is this!'
 And dreams all night of bloody victory !

28. *The Heathen Deities.*

THEIR Gods! What *were* their Gods?
 There's Mars,—all bloody-haired ; and Hercules,
 Whose soul was in his sinews ; Pluto, blacker
 Than his own hell ; Vulcan, who shook his horns
 At every limp he took ! Great Bacchus rode
 Upon a barrel ; and in a cockle-shell
 Neptune kept state. Then, Mercury—was a thief ;
 Juno—a shrew ; Pallas a prude, at best ;
 And Venus walked the clouds in search of lovers !
 Only great Jove, the lord and thunderer,
 Sate in the circle of his starry power,
 And frowned 'I WILL!' to all.

29. *Might and Right.*

Rod.—THE lawful Right? The ‘lawful!’ What is that?
 But I will tell thee. Might is Right; and when
 ’Tis written in red letters, ‘This is law!’
 Then might is law, and law is wise and right.
 Who doubts? We’ll hang him by the statute,—strait!
 S’death, there’s no use in strength of limbs or brain,
 If they help not who owns them. When you catch
 A trout, who has the right, and who the law?
 Why, *you*,—who are the strong. If he could rise,
 And shake his tail against your lawful right,
 He’d say—“All this is ’gainst our marine laws!
 “You rascals on dry land invade our realms,
 “By wrong, and by no law. You send abroad
 “No proclamations; prove no injuries;
 “Quote no good reasons; no specific code;
 “But strait, when you desire some trout to eat,
 “You pounce upon us with your hell-barb’d hooks,
 “And treat us worse than were we Africans.
 “We’ll not endure ’t!”

Count.—Ha, ha, ha!

Rod.—Right, Count! Right!
 You give th’ old answer—(‘Might is Right’)—laugh loud
 At their remonstrance, and have, sans remorse,
 The speaker grill’d for supper.

30. *Unions dangerous.*

F.—HIS wit is duller than a priest’s discourse;
 And she seems coldly honest.

Gin.—True! what then?

What seemeth nitre near the cannon's mouth?
 Cold, cold. What the charr'd wood? Why, dull as death.
 Yet,—married to each other, they will flame
 Damnation through a land, and make it Hell.

31. *Death stationary.*

SHOULD we look on him now, he would be young;
 Paler than stone, perhaps,—but young as when
 No twice two hundred years had wintered him.
 Life 'tis alone grows old: Immortal Death
 Takes no step nearer to the goal of Time:
 One cold brief tread, a sigh, and then to sleep:—
 Magic ne'er moves him further!

32. *Hatred.*

THERE hath risen betwixt us,
 An immortality of hate. Old Time
 Shall sink to dotage and forget himself,
 And Pity cling unto an usurer's heart,
 Ere he and I grow friends.

33. *A Lover's Likeness.*

HER walk is like the wind; her smile more sweet
 Than sunshine, when it gilds the buds of May.
 Rare words she has, and merry, like the lark;
 And songs,—which were *too* sweet, but that sometimes
 They droop and sadden like the pining flute;
 And then her eyes, (soft planets,) lose their light
 In bashful rain, o'er which her cloudy hair
 Hangs, like the night, protecting.

34. *Another.*

THE blessings of the skies all wait about her ;
 Health, Grace, inimitable Beauty, wreathed
 Round every motion :—On her lip, the rose
 Has left its sweetness, (for what bee to kiss?)
 And from the darkening Heaven of her eyes,
 A starry Spirit looks out :—Can it be Love ?

35. *Music.*

Now Music feedeth on the silent air,—
 Like Ocean, who upon the moonlight shores
 Of lone Sigæum, steals with murmuring noise,
 Devouring the bright sands and purple slopes
 Of Greece, and so retires :—But Music leaves
 Her soul upon the silence, and our hearts
 Hear, and for ever hoard those golden sounds,
 And reproduce them sweet in after hours.

36. *The Town.*

THE TOWN! what is there in the Town, to lure
 Our household dreams away from the fresh flowers?
 Is not the Town a monster? ravenous?
 Fierce? hydra-headed? fed by peasants' strength?
 Deck'd out with plunder of the fields? along
 Whose limbs of stone and marble arteries,
 Innumerable emmets crawl, till they sink down
 Dead, with excess of feasting ?

37. *Specimen of a Cavalier.*

HER father leaned, from th' first, to Cromwell's side,
 And was a rank and stern republican :
 But *mine* was a Cavalier,—one of those Spirits
 Born in all ages for the help of thrones ;
 A careless fellow, somewhat poor in virtue,
 Whose blazing honour lit a stormy life,
 That spent its latest puff in loyalty.
 He followed the first Charles, and fought at Worcester ;
 Faced death and danger ; saw his master die ;
 And after sought his son. He was the life
 O'the banished court ; laugh'd, danced, and played o'the
 cittern ;
 And, when he died, left me a handsome sword ;
 Two suits of silk, a sentence for the king,
 (In *my* behalf) ; and then set out on his journey,
 To make good friends with Heaven's courtiers.

38. *A Publican and his Customers.*

WE publicans, sir, ever live on the edge
 Of other secrets. 'Tis our stock in trade,
 To know what's doing in our neighbour's house,
 And deal 't out with our liquor. Some few rogues
 With sun-scorched cheeks come here, 'tis true, for nought
 But to calm their stomachs with plain provender :
 But *choice* Spirits love to mingle with their wine
 Novelties,—scandals ! Rather than be dumb,
 They'll gossip of themselves. There's Justice Bolster
 Discharges him of all his wealth of words

Here, sir,—in this poor room! There's not a case
 Of note, but he's its master. From the thoughts
 Of ministers to actions at the assize,—
 From a 'scaped murderer to a vagrant cat,
 Nought can escape. Oh, sir, he *is* a jewel;
 And doth absorb my beer like summer sand!

39. *A new Petruchio.*

Do I not know
 That gentle blood (press't down howe'er you will,
 Will mount and make the world look gravely at it.
 Dost deem that aught can hide in beggar rags
 A heart so bold as mine? Have I not seen
 The sea come tumbling on our heads, and laughed?
 The lightnings on the line singe ships to ashes?
 Heard the wolves howling on my track? and felt
 That cannibals clustered round my hiding-place?
 Have I not stood on Etna, when she shot
 Her fiery rivers 'gainst the affrighted clouds?
 And dream'st thou aught of common danger now
 Shall daunt me from my way?

40. *Death.*

A.—Who, save Man,
 E'er reckons on to-morrow? or dreads death?

B.—Death! what is Death,—at whose pale picture men
 Shake, and the blood grows cold? Is he *one* thing?
 Dream? Substance? Shadow? or is Death more vague,—
 Made up of many fears, which band together
 And overthrow the soul?—Give me reply!

Is Death so terrible? Why, we do know
 Philosophy, Religion, Fame, Revenge,
 Despair, Ambition, Shame, all conquer it.
 The Soldier who doth face it every day,—
 The feathered Savage, and the Sailor, tossing
 All night upon the loose uncertain deep,
 Laugh it to scorn. The fish, the bird, the brute,
 (Though each doth apprehend the sense of pain,)
 Never dread death. It is a weakness bred
 Only in man. Methinks, if we build up
 Our proud distinction, sole supremacy,
 Upon so slight foundation as our fears,
 Our fame may totter.

41. *Night Thoughts.*

'Tis night,—still night! The murmuring world lies still!
 All things which are lie still and whisper not:
 The owl, the bat, the clock which strikes the hour,
 And summons forgetful man to think of Heaven,
 The midnight cricket on the ashy hearth,
 Are quiet,—dumb! Hope, Fear, lie drown'd in dreams;
 And Conscience, calmer than a baby's breath,
 Murders the heart no more. Who goes? 'Tis nought,—
 Save the bird Echo, who comes back to me,
 Afraid o' the silence. Love! art thou asleep?
 Rose o' the night, on whom the soft dew lies,—
 Here come I, Sweet, mocking the nightingale,
 To sing of endless love, passionate pain,
 And wishes that know no rest!

42. *Mute Sorrow the most powerful.*

LET not thy tale tell but of stormy sorrows !
 She—who was late a maid, but now doth lie
 In Hymen's bosom, like a rose grown pale,
 A sad sweet wedded wife—why is *she* left
 Out of the story ? Are good deeds,—great griefs,
 That live, but ne'er complain—nought ? What are tears ?
 Remorse,—deceit,—at best weak water-drops,
 Which wash out the bloom of sorrow.

43. *Flowers.*

WE have left, behind us,
 The riches of the meadows,—and now come
 To visit the virgin Primrose where she dwells,
 'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
 'Tis here she keeps her court. Dost see you bank
 The sun is kissing ? Near,—go near ! for there,
 ('Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling grasses,)
 Immaculate odours from the violet
 Spring up for ever ! Like sweet thoughts that come
 Winged from the maiden fancy, and fly off
 In music to the skies, and there are lost,
 These ever-steaming odours seek the sun,
 And fade in the light he scatters.

44. *A Lover's Irresolution.*

My heart is mad :—why not my brain ? Oh, witch !
 That flaming Hymen now would quench his torch,

Or Hate, betwixt thy fool and thee, would set
 Double divorce for ever! Shall I go?
 I *cannot* quit her: but,—like men who mock
 The voice of thunder, tarry until—I die!
 Shall I not go?—I will not; though the tongues
 Of chiding virtue rail me strait to stone.
 Here will I stand,—a statue, fixed and firm,
 Before the fiery altar of my love,
 Both worshipper and martyr.

45. *Useless Fear.*

O.—THERE is a gloomy prophet at my ear:
 He whispers,—sad and low.

F.—Tush! Shake him off.
 The shadow that each ill sends forward, ever
 Is larger than the ill. When that the thing
 You dread comes near, and you can measure it,
Then ruffle up thy Courage,—till it stands
 'Tween thee and danger, like a champion!
 Wait, till the peril come; then boldly look at 't.

46. *A transient Thought.*

SOMETIMES a dark Thought crossed
 My fancy, like the sullen bat that flies
 Athwart the melancholy moon at eve.

47. *Reproof to one who has no ear.*

L.—I SEE small difference
 'Tween one sound and its next. All seem a-kin
 And run on the same feet, ever.

I.—Peace! Thou want'st
 One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance.
 Seest thou no differing shadows, which divide
 The rose and poppy? 'Tis the same with sounds.
 There's not a minute in the round of time,
 But's hinged with different music. In that small space,
 Between the thought and its swift utterance;—
 Ere silence buds to sound,—the angels listening
 Hear infinite varieties of song!
 And they who turn the lightning-rapid spheres,
 Have flown an evening's journey!

48. *Grief, fantastical.*

NOTHING can vie with Sorrow in excess.
 Hope's gay, and Fear is strange, and Joy grows wild;
 Yet each hath shews of reason: Grief alone
 Amidst her pomp is high fantastical.

49. *Dreams.*

A.—DREAM is the Soul of Sleep; and, when it strays
 From its dark caverns in the inmost brain,
 Then Sleep is dead:—But it returns, and then
 The corpse awakens,—lives,—is born again,—

B.—Then dream must be some God—

A.—I'faith, I know not.

'Tis a strange fellow in a night-cap, sir,
 And at times a very wild somnambulist.

50. *Age double-sighted.*

LET no one judge the worth of life, save he
 Whose head is white with time. The youthful Spirit,
 Set on the edge o' the world, hath but one sight,
 And looks for beauty in the years to come.
 But Age, like double-fronted Janus, looks
 All ways, and ponders wisely on the past.

51. *Philosophers human.*

You brag, methinks, somewhat too much of late,
 Of your lamp-lit philosophy. One bite
 Of a mad cat—(no more than kills a tailor,)
 Will put an end to 't, and your dreams together.

52. *Kings.*

... METHINKS,

There's something lonely in the state of kings!
 None dare come near them. As the eagle, poised
 Upon his sightless throne in upper air,
 Scares gentler birds away, so kings (cut off
 From human kindred, by the curse of power,)
 Are shunned and live alone. Who dare come near
 The region of a king? There is a wall
 (Invisible indeed, yet strong and high,)
 Which fences kings from close approach of men.
 They live respected—oh, that cheat 'respect!'
 As if the homage which abases others
 Could comfort him that has 't. Alone,—alone!
 Prisoned in ermine and a velvet chair,—
 Shut out from hope, (the height being all attained,)
 Yet touched by terrors,—what can soothe a king?

53. *Revenge.*

LET loose your strength, blasts of the burning zone!
 Join all, and scorch him with a blistering plague!
 Rain damps upon his bones! Scald all his brain,
 Till he go mad.—Stay,—stop!—I'll have him bound
 Fast to a frozen rook, till piercing winds
 Stiffen his heart to ice. He shall endure
 The terrible extremes of cold and fire,
 For he himself was ever pitiless.

53. *Picture of a Hypochondriac.*

THERE sits he, with his arms across his heart,
 And melancholy eye-lids like the Dawn,
 When She (the sun being yet unseen) doth gaze
 Coldly upon the wet and frozen flowers.

54. *Infirmity lies in the mind.*

WE do what we desire. 'Tis not the sinews
 Fail when we falter, but the infirm thought.
 Thus the bald Roman, who trod down the world,
 Unto his shuddering pilot cried,—“*What fear?
 Thou carriest Cæsar!*”—Dare,—and it is done!

55. *An ancient Pile.*

Look straight before you. Thus,—as now you see it,
 Yon pile hath stood, in all its stony strength,
 Through centuries forgotten. Ruinous Time,
 The outrageous Thunder, and all wasting storms
 Have striven to drag it down; yet, *still* it stands,
 Enduring like a Truth,—from age to age.

56. *The Exaggeration of Grief.*

A.—AND is this all a fiction ?

B.—Ay, 'tis thus

Men shadow out the truth when they are sad.
They say but ill, who tell us that Grief speaks
In household phrases. Friend, she is a queen,
Pale Tragedy by name, who sears our brain,
Until it fashions forth fantastic shapes,—
Unnatural to the eye which hath no tears,
But seen through those, are true like other things
Which misty distance veils and magnifies.

57. *A Princess's Dishonour.*

SHE was a princess,—but she fell ; and now
Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings !

58. *A Desperate Man.*

You walk by day :

I with the negro, Night !—When all is dark,
The sick moon absent, and the stars all hid,
We curse together,—curse all shades of men,
Like brothers in one great calamity.
Am I not shorn of beams ? Is not my fate
Black ? starless ? sunless ? When warm airs come down
From Heaven, what know I of the flowery times ?
What of abundant harvest hours ?—nought, nought !
I'm cold ; I'm hard. The wolf, who has no mate,
And scarce a meal, and 's forced to howl all night

His hunger to Siberian snows, doth live
 In a world too bleak for pity:—So do I.
 I am a wolf,—who prowl all night for prey,
 Desperate, remorseless !

59. *Suitable Music.*

A.—THOU lov'dst this light and dancing music once ?

B.—That was when earth was quiet ; now 'tis mad.
 Light music fits light times :—But, when wild Ocean
 Goes bellowing to the moon, or flings her hair,
 All white with wrath, upon the moaning sands,—
 When winds come muttering, and the thickening Night
 Grows solemn with alarm, as from its den
 Some Earthquake, dragon-eyed, lifting its head,
 Looks reddening on us from the inner world,—
 Then love I *mighty* music !

60. *A Tender Voice.*

HER voice is soft ; not shrill and like the lark's,
 But tenderer,—graver,—almost hoarse at times ;
 As though the earnestness of love prevailed,
 And quelled all shriller music.

61. *A Fancy.*

I'VE sometimes thought that I could shoot me down
 Unto the muddy bottoms of the sea,
 And hold my breath there,—'till, midst stones and shells,
 And jewels yet unborn, and riches sleeping,
 I tore up Fortune by her golden hair,
 And grew a God on earth.

62. *A young man's opinion of age.*

BID me not trust her hoary parent's smile!
 I cannot; for I read foul falsehoods there.
 Oh, Guzman! Pity never wore gray hairs;
 But died in 'ts youth!—Trust not a furrowed brow:
 For Time digs pits where hate and cunning sleep;
 And sixty winter winds can ne'er pass by,
 And leave the heart still warm. Age is a grave;
 Where Kindness, and quell'd Passion, and mute Love,
 Lie, hand in hand, cold,—dead,—perhaps forgotten!

63. *A Sceptic in Virtue.*

OUR blood will bear no lesson. All men know
 That Job was patient—that adulterous sin,
 Writes Hell upon our foreheads—that thieves' necks
 Are forfeit to the grave and frowning Law:
 Yet who is chaste, unless his veins be cold?
 Who calm, if tempted? Who that wants, is honest?
 Who lives, from mitred Pope to ragged monk,
 That's virtuous all for virtue? Tush, not one.
 The cold and passionate are the same in this.
 Sometimes a lure more potent bids man swerve
 From the first sin, and turn to darker thoughts:
 Sometimes he doth delay the accomplishment,—
 But that's for weightier pleasure; or he's driven
 Back, by pale fear or cunning policy;
 But ne'er bribed by poor Virtue.

And the poor rhymes, which thou dost scorn so much,
 Were dug out of my heart!—ay, forced, at times,
 Through burning, blinding tears! Dost thou despise
 A love like *this*? A lady should not scorn
 One soul that loves her, howe'er lowly it be.
 Love is an offering of the whole heart, Madam,
 A sacrifice of *all* that poor life hath ;
 And he who gives his ' all,'—whate'er that be,
 Gives greatly,—and deserveth no one's scorn !

66. *A Lover of Sentiment.*

Giul.—SHE'S proud ; but she's a woman, and shall be
 Thine own—dost hear?—thine own !

Jac.—Estremaduran !

If *now* thou mock'st me, thou had'st better pull
 The burning sky upon thee !

Giul.—Listen to me.

She's not (proud as she seems) *all* arrogance.
 I know that she at times will sigh,—and weep ;
 Tangle blue love-knots ; and sing out, by night,
 The painfulest ditties—ha, ha, ha !

Jac.—Great lady !

Canst thou be sad?—then I forgive thee all !

Giul.—Immedicable fool ! Sickness can't cure thee.

Jac.—Oh, Giulio, Giulio ! While a sand is falling,
 We turn from hate to pity. I, who late
 Abhor'd the crimsoning pride upon her cheek,
 Now read in it a different history.
 Urge me no more. I love her ; but—by Love !
 I would not harm her, for the wildest joy
 Which even herself—her beautiful self!—could give me.

67. *A Protégé.*

A.—I have a worm, a little petted thing,
Which I rear up. I see't not; yet I know
'Tis ashy like the adder, and has fangs.
Seldom it sleeps, and then it dreams of food;
So knaws for ever. I have fed this worm,
With mine own heart, like the fond pelican.

B.—Smother it, Count: 'tis a mis-shapen child,
Which may beget new monsters.

A.—I will let
My heart's stream out upon it, some loud night,
When winds grow clamorous, and rough Nature knits
Our resolution up to deeds of daring.

68. *The General Law.*

ALL things which live and are, love quiet hours.
Sometimes, indeed, the waves caught up by storms,
Kiss Heaven and murmur, but they straight retire.
Sometimes, the red and busy Earthquake lifts
His head above the hills and looks on us.
Sometimes a star drops. Sometimes Heaven itself
Grows dark, and loses its celestial blue.
But calm returneth. Thus doth man (made fit
To league with Fortune in her varying moods)
Rise on the wings of fear, or grow love-mad,
Yet sinks at last to earth, and dreams in quiet.

69. *A Bold Man.*

FEAR?

I know not Fear. It is a ghost that haunts
 The timid heart. 'Tis a dream, which waking men
 Should scorn, and put aside. A girl—a child—
 A thing that *was* a man,—(but now is grown
 A shaking palsy, winter-white with age)—
 These may bow down to Fear: but I am—MAN!
 The image of the Gods who know not fear,—
 Far from the cradle, farther from the grave!

70. *A Brother.*

WHEN the Sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
 Smiling the shadows from yon purple hills,
 We pace this shore,—I and my brother here,
 Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
 And both unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
 And then doth my dear Brother, who hath worn
 His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
 Enrich me with sweet words; and oft a smile
 Will stray amidst his lessons, as he marks
 New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads,
 Upon the burning page of my black eyes,
 The truth reflected which he casts on me:—
 For he is like the Sun,—giving me light;
 Pouring into the caves of my young brain,
 Knowledge from his bright fountains! Thus it is
 I drink in the starry truth. Science and Art,
 And Learning pale, all crown my thoughts with flowers;

And Music waiteth on me, sad and sweet ;
 And great Imagination, for *my* sake,
 Lets loose her dreams, and bids her wonders flow
 By me,—until I talk in poetry !

71. *An Epitaph.*

MARK, when he died, his tombs, his epitaphs !
 Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake ;
 Nor dye 't in sable. No black steeds were there,
 Caparisoned in woe ; no hired crowds ;
 No hearse, wherein the crumbling clay (imprisoned
 Like ammunition in a tumbril) rolled
 Rattling along the street, and silenced grief ;
 No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung ;
 No stone ; no gilded verse ;—poor common shows !
 But tears, and tearful words, and sighs as deep
 As sorrow is—these were *his* epitaphs !
 Thus,—(fitly graced,) he lieth now, inurned
 In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides
 Are graved his many virtues. When they perish,—
 He's lost!—and so 't should be. The poet's name
 And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,
 Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand ;
 But none record the household virtues there.
 These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)
 In endless and serene oblivion !

72. *We love one different from ourselves.*

Giul.—I hunger for her, and am all athirst !
 Her scorn affronts me, and doth make me mad.

Mine eyes—*these* eyes, are wet with heavy drops!
 Would'st think me such a fool?

Ferd.—If she disdain thee,
 Love, and be quiet, coz.

Giul.—How? What? Be still?
 Dost think I am a wild beast *tamed* by wrongs?
 If one, I am the hyæna!—for he sheds tears,
 And bites the while he's howling:—but, I'm quiet!

Ferd.—I thought thou loved'st a rose-cheek'd girl, and
 merry,
 A laughter of sixteen summers; such there are:
 But *she* is paler than a primrose morning,
 When Winter weds with Spring!

Giul.—'Tis all the better.
 It is my nature to abhor in others,
 That lightness which doth please me in myself.
 I love not mine own parallel. The old Giants,
 Who stood as tall as trees, lov'd little women,
 Or there's no truth in fable. Thus do I:
 I love a sober face, a modest eye,
 A step demure, a mien as grave as virtue.

73. *Satisfaction in a Blow.*

Giul.—You say, 'we'll have no blood.' Then let us wash
 His throat with poison. I know rogues who deal in
 Black aconite, and such like lazy drinks;
 But *one* sells a quicker juice, whereof a drop
 Will kill—in a breath—a giant!

Ferd.—That is good.

Giul.—Yet steel is surer : and a blow (while't sends
 Life through our limbs, like a swift race), doth calm
 The turbulent spirits, and gives time for vengeance.
 I hate to see the brute I hate fall dead
 Without a struggle. Let's kill him like men,
 And stand up freshened from the exercise!

74. *A Lady drowned.*

Is she dead ? ...
 Why so shall I be,—ere these Autumn blasts
 Have blown on the beard of Winter. Is she dead ?
 Ay, she *is* dead,—quite dead ! The wild Sea kissed her
 With 'ts cold white lips, and then—put her to sleep :
 Sh' has a sand pillow, and a water sheet,
 And never turns her head or knows 'tis morning !



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